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No 346

## JIM

BY HENRI MONTCAIM.

His name? Why, Jim.  
Just the name you'd have given him.  
He was crying his papers two minutes ago  
As smart as you please; and just look at him  
now.

With his lips all white—I vow 'tis a sin.  
Poor fellow! Lord bless me, he's fainted ag'in!  
The matter with him?  
Well, his chance is mighty slim.  
That little one there—Jim heard him squeal;  
And he just jerked him out from under the  
wheel.

But got caught himself and the cart only just  
Broke both of his arms and run over his chest.  
Poor little Jim!  
So you periled life and limb—  
And lost them both for the rich man's son!  
Ah, little hero, nobly done!  
It is not often we chance to meet  
With a soul like yours in the filth of the street.

"Dear, dear Jim!"  
See, 'tis his mother bends over him,  
With weeping and moaning and piteous cries;  
And the poor little sufferer opens his eyes.  
"Poor mother!" he sobs, and then again  
Shuts his lips tight with the terrible pain.

Poor dying Jim!  
Now already his eyes grow dim.  
The carworn look on the childish face  
Is fading away, and in its place  
There crosses a sweet smile of contentment;  
and then  
He sleeps—oh, dear Father, revive him again.

## BIG GEORGE,

### The Giant of the Gulch: OR, THE FIVE OUTLAW BROTHERS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MIN-  
NER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC  
PETE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

RED PEPPER IN HIS GLORY.

The three elder Peppers returned from their search for a doctor soon after Big George was carried away under direction of Dr. Parmley—or "Little Cassino," as he was better known in the vicinity of Blue Earth. Satisfied that their brother was in good hands, little dreaming that it was to the doctor alone that they owed their original defeat at the Temple, they gave themselves no further trouble on that score, since their rather extensive experience in gun-shot wounds and confusions told them that Big George was in no serious peril of his life, this bout. Though the bond of brotherhood was strong between them, they felt no such love for the giant as that which filled the heart of Little Pepper. Either would have fought for the other at the drop of a hat, even to death, but there was little of brotherly love between them.

Occupying their accustomed seats, withdrawn from the crowd, a bottle of whisky before them, the three brothers discussed the events of the night with many an oath and bitter curse.

"This ain't the end on it," growled Red Pepper, an ugly glare in his eyes. "They'll be matter for a funeral round yere afore that trappaz cuss is a day older."

"Don't you fergit what George said," interrupted Black Pepper. "That's his meat, an' the man as comes alwosen them 'll git ten inches o' cold steel through his harness—jest as George told us, kin or no kin."

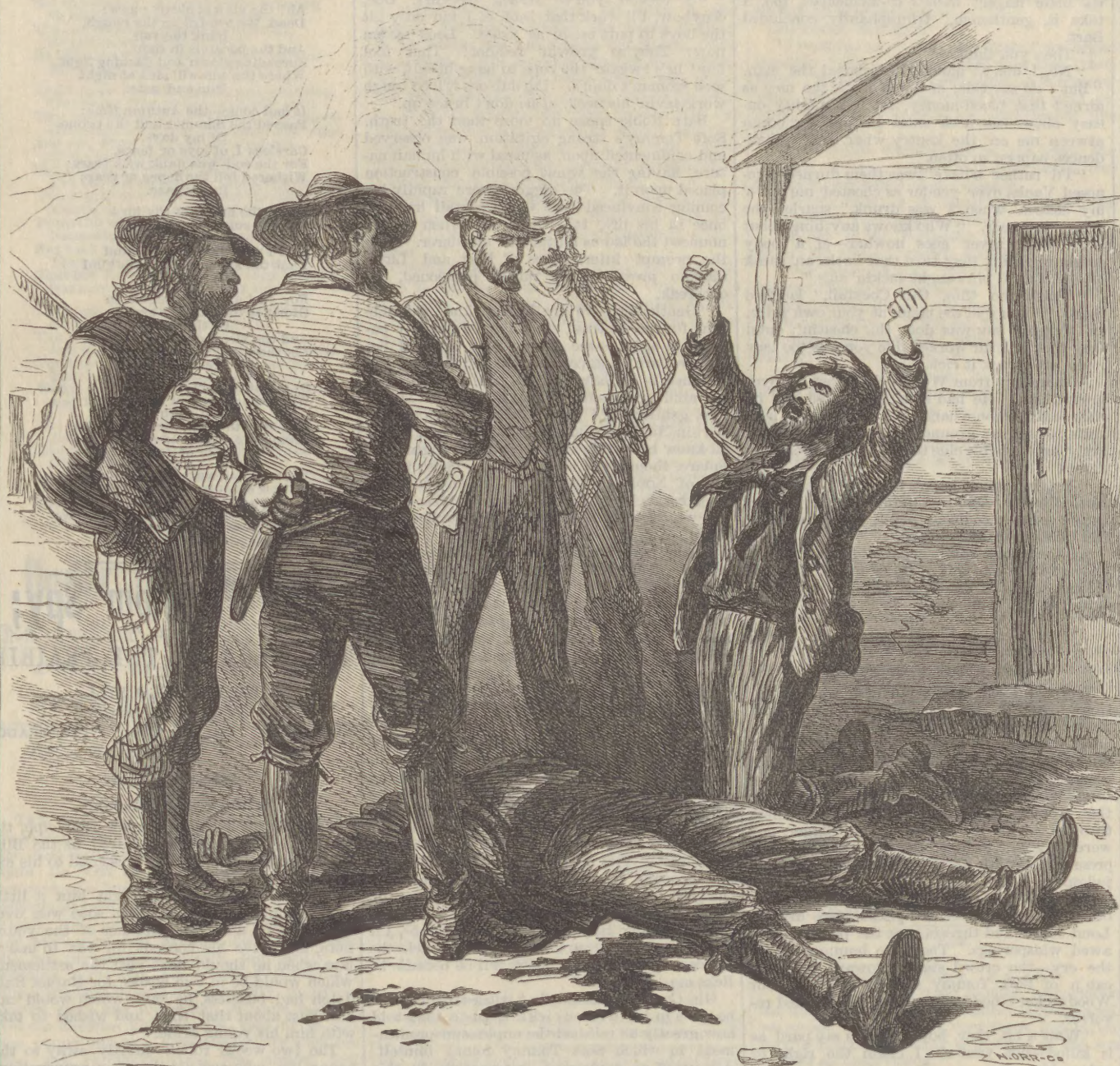
"He said we shouldn't pick no fuss with the cuss—no more I don't mean to; but that's more ways to kill a cat than chokin' her with butter. George 'll be on his back for a good month. Now wouldn't it look nice if we let this cuss hev all that time to brag in? Ef we kin make him give us the leastest bit of a handle—jest so we could tell George we didn't pick the fuss."

At this juncture the band of the Temple struck up a lively air, and the brothers, in common with nearly every man in hearing, flocked to the spot, eager to learn what was up. At a sign from Ben Coffee the music ceased, and the worthy manager, standing upon the doorstep, briefly addressed the crowd. He deeply regretted the unfortunate affair which had interrupted the harmony of the evening, but assured them that it was not owing to the fault of any person in his employ.

"No man shall ever say he lost money by me or mine. I claim to be a square man. The performance shall be resumed at the point where it was interrupted. The doors are open, gentlemen," with a comical glance at his shattered portals; "enter and take your seats!"

A hearty chorus of cheers greeted this speech, and a rush, headed as before by the Pepper brothers, speedily filled the theater to repletion. The curtain arose promptly, discovering La Belle Estelle as Gertrude, in "Loan of a Lover." Only for the still fresh bloodstains upon the floor, the marks of pistol-balls and perhaps a slight trace of hysterical gaiety in the heroine, one could scarcely have believed that a tragedy in real life had so lately transpired upon those boards. The audience was more enthusiastic than ever, vociferously applauding every point, emphasizing their applause with golden offerings—all save the three brothers, who occupied the first bench. They sat in sullen silence, watching for the one who never appeared—for George Mack was not cast in the piece.

Just before the curtain fell, the manager approached the footlights and stated that a select ball would be given by the members of the



Sinking upon his knees, Woodpecker, half-crazed, uttered a terrible vow of vengeance.

company, which all were cordially invited to attend—admittance one dollar.

The brothers interchanged quick glances, and Red Pepper grinned viciously. After all, the chance he sought might not be so far distant.

The dance-hall was beneath the same roof with the theater, and was reached by a flight of stairs opening upon the street. Eager to gain a closer view of the "girls," an introduction and even dance with them at such a cheap rate, the diggers lost no time in rushing up the narrow passage-way.

A long, low-ceiled apartment, barely twenty feet in width. The walls, ceiling and flooring of rough, unplanned boards just as they came from the saw-mill. The front end of the room was occupied by a bar. At the opposite end stood a rude platform, seated upon which were the musicians already briskly plying their elbows.

Perhaps a dozen of the female performers—generally from the ballet—were present, and little time was lost in starting the fun with a couple of quadrille sets. It is but justice to declare that La Belle Estelle, with a few of the more reputable members of the company, were absent, declining to mix with such dubious company more than was absolutely necessary.

The Peppers made their way up to the bar and called for liquor. While busied with this, Red Pepper glanced eagerly around the room. A black frown gathered his brow as he saw that the object of his search was missing, that the young gymnast was not among the company.

"No go to-night, old man," muttered Pepper-pot, by no means greatly displeased as he remembered the repeated caution given them by Big George. "He's too smart to show his head whar he mought run it ag'in a snag. Reckon we'd better go an' take a look a'ter Big George."

"You kin; I'm goin' in fer some fun of I can't hev nothin' else. I hain't shuck my heels since the time at Lawton's."

"Drop that!" snarled Black Pepper, with a venomous glare. "I don't want to dream o' her ag'in."

"Promenade to the bar!" sung out the "call-off," and the eight couples pushed their way forward to "refresh" themselves.

Red Pepper eyed the "girls" critically as they stood waiting to be served, still clinging to their partners as though fearful of being left in the lurch before the drink was paid for. Right before the red-haired giant stood the plump little mite who had so indignantly flounced away from Big George behind the scenes, and, as he changed his position in order to gain a better view of her face, she turned around and met his admiring gaze with the full light of her bright black eye. That one glance

settled it. As Red Pepper himself would have expressed it, he "felt all over in spots."

Among his failings Red Pepper could not count bashfulness. To fancy was to do—or at least attempt—nor was this case an exception. Striding forward he elbowed aside the long-nosed, red-faced young fellow who had danced with the ballet-girl with a cool:

"You've had your turn, boy—now make room for your betters. This lady wants to talk to a man."

Evidently the young fellow knew his customer, for he sidled away with a sickly smile, not daring even to mutter a curse beneath his breath until at a safe distance.

"You are so kind, stranger," softly whispered the damsel, doubling her thanks with her eloquent eyes. "He was such a flat—I couldn't give him the shake to save me."

"He tuck the hint easy enough from me," grinned the giant. "Then you ain't sorry I cut in?"

Whatever answer the siren made was drowned by the music and the loud call of the floor-manager for the dancers to take their places. Black Pepper was equally fortunate in picking up a partner, but Pepper-pot was too slow, for once, though he was not long at a loss. As the dance began, he crowded his way through the spectators and broke into the set where his brothers stood. The opposite couples were a blue-shirted digger and a Mexican, the latter of whom was leading off.

"Skin out o' this, you pesky smoke-dried Greaser!" cried Pepper-pot, clenching the astonished Mexican by the neck and hurling him across the room, accelerating his progress by a dextrous application of his thick-soled boot. "Go hunt up one o' your own color, an' let a gentleman shake a foot with the lady. Whooop! spin out your music ther, you pesky varmints—what ye stoppin' fer?"

"Look out, Dick!" yelled Black Pepper. The Mexican gathered himself up with the wonderful quickness of a cat, and plucking forth a wicked-looking knife from his wide boot-leg, sprang toward his huge assailant with a wolfish snarl, and only for the prompt interposition of Red Pepper, the bully, whose back was carelessly turned, would have paid the penalty of his insolence with his life.

"Peril's the word, you durned riptyle!" roared the red-haired Hercules, leaping forward with wonderful activity in one so large, and, catching the Mexican around the waist, he lifted him high in the air, then fung him across the room and against the wall with sickening force. "Take that fer tryin' to bust up a comfortable crowd w' your impudent tricks! Ef the varmint hes got any friends in the crowd, let 'em look to him. Ef he comes beterin' round yere any more, he's gwine to git hurt—you hear me?"

Brutal and unprovoked as was the whole affair, a wild cheer arose from the diggers at this exhibition of wonderful strength. Some there were who looked on in silence, a few who scowled blackly, but not one voice was raised to denounce the outrage. The sufferer was a "Greaser"—and his abusers were the Peppers. That was enough.

A couple of his countrymen picked up the bleeding and senseless body, carrying it downstairs and into the night without a word. The brothers laughed recklessly as the dance went on, little dreaming what consequences were to spring from that act of brutal insolence.

Upon the stairs two men were forced to give way for the Mexicans to pass with their ghastly burden, but then resumed their way, their curiosity excited by the event, and entered the dance-hall. The bartender observed them, and leaving his position—a sinecure while the dance was in progress—hastily whispered in the ear of the younger man:

"Take a fool's advice, Mack, and slide out o' here. Yender's three of Big George's brothers, and they're jest ripe fer mischief. They're running the thing their own way to-night. Three to one is mighty long odds, when they come of that tribe, and I'm dubious you wouldn't find many to back you, if they should try a bounce."

"Take his advice, George—you're too young a chicken to be off your roost so late. And just think! you might get your face scratched in a muss—and that would be a frightful catastrophe!" laughed the gymnast's comrade, with an ill-concealed sneer that stung his pride.

"Thank you, Tom," was his quiet reply. "I know you warn me as a friend, and I'll not forget it. But I came up here for a dance, and a dance I'll have. As for being bounced—I'm well heeled, and when anybody tries to send me to head a funeral, the odds are I'll have company on the road."

"Keep out of it if you can—I don't know how the old man would get along without you," hastily added Tom, slipping behind the bar as the last change came to an end and the flushed dancers flocked to the liquor-stand.

"There's little Paquita nodding at you, Mack—"

"I see—guess I might as well take her. Look you up a partner, Sam," and he passed over to where a really beautiful woman stood signaling him.

"No, thank you!" muttered Sam, with an ugly glance after the gymnast. "I'm thinking there'll be more fun in looking on. If only they do—"

"Whooop up the music, thar!" roared Red Pepper, who seemed in his glory now, and who still held fast to his black-eyed charmer. "Play up somethin' quick an' devilish—an'

thar's somethin' to grease your elbows with," he added, flinging several gold pieces upon the stage. "Come, little one—oh—"

An imprecation dropped from his lips as though the words were red-hot, when he caught sight of George Mack coolly taking his position as his *vis-a-vis*.

"Don't get into any fuss, or I'll never even look at you again!" agitatedly whispered his partner, as he shook her from his arm.

But even her blandishments could not avert the catastrophe, though for a few minutes Red Pepper contented himself with black looks and muttered curses. He had not long to wait for his opportunity. The second change brought the two close together, and as Mack passed by, Pepper thrust out his foot to trip him up. The trick was only partially successful, for, though stumbling, the gymnast swung half-way around and struck the bully a heavy blow upon the neck with his clenched fist. Red Pepper fell to the ground, with a hoarse yell of rage, that drew all eyes to the spot.

The brothers sprang forward. Instantly all was confusion. The women sought to flee, screaming in mad fright. Pistols were drawn, knives flashed in the dim light; then came the first shot—followed by a horrible shriek of agony, as a digger fell back, shot through the heart.

As by a preconcerted signal the lights were extinguished. Then all pandemonium seemed let loose. Yells, groans and screams of terror were mingled with pistol-shots and the clashing of knives!

## CHAPTER V.

WOODPECKER AND HIS PAID.

A soft, silvery light was chasing away the somber remnants of night. The moon had disappeared, the stars were waning, the fleecy clouds were rolling back from the mountain-tops, as the golden light grew stronger and increased in splendor around the bare, rugged crags and spurs of weatherbeaten rocks. Down through the needled pines, the dark, ragged cedars, around the moss-grown boulders, danced the rosy dawn, nearing the rude, rough "city" of Blue Earth, nestled in the valley below.

So recently a human pandemonium, where deadly passions were running riot—where death and bloodshed reigned triumphant; now silent and calm as the grave lay the mining town, an unsightly blot upon the face of nature. Through the little valley stole the rose-light, revealing its beauties with caressing touch, yet seeming to avoid the cluster of human nests as though loath to reveal the eyesores, the moral corruption and sins now partially concealed therein.

A single cry—wild, prolonged, thrilling from its very intensity; a cry that seemed to die away in a wail—not of bodily pain, not of fear—yet a wail of bitter anguish, of grief insupportable.

The echoes gradually died away. Once more all was still in and around the little valley. The morning beams spread more rapidly. The yellow gleam upon the mountain-tops crept lower and lower, until day had fairly dawned for Blue Earth, though not for all of its inhabitants. Rolling over with sleepy grunts, congratulating themselves upon its being the Sabbath day—thus was the dawn greeted.

But there was at least one watcher to whom the dawn came unheeded; to a man crouching down in the dust of the crooked, narrow street, to a figure of utter woe, slowly rocking to and fro, from whose dry, cracked lips came a low, husky, moaning sound that occasionally broke into words, rude and uncouth, yet at times painfully pathetic.

Before him lay a frightful object—a sight to curdle one's blood, growing horribly distinct as the light of day-dawn grew stronger.

The gray dust around was saturated with blood. In a congealed pool of this lay the mutilated trunk of a human being, cold in death. Lying upon its back, with legs and one arm carefully straightened out, as was the other arm, perfect to its wrist, from which the hand had been hewn. This hand, with one of its fingers hacked off and missing, now lay upon the dead man's breast, supporting a ghastly burden.

A human head, with horribly-staring eyeballs, with distorted features, protruding tongue and lips drawn back from the blood-stained teeth. Thus the dead man lay, holding its head in its own right hand.

"It's me, pard—don't you know?" huskily muttered the mourner. "It's Woodpecker—old Woody, the pore, ignorant cuss you tuck out o' the jug at Sacramento. You ain't mad at me? God knows I'd let my ornary karkidge be chopped into cat's-meat to save one hair o' your head! Speak to me, then—don't keep so still, like you was dead. Dead. Who says he's dead? It's a lie—a lie blacker'n night! Tell 'em it's a lie, pard—you ain't dead—you *ain't* be dead, an' me here alive, not even scratched. Ah—ha! you hear that?" he added, glaring over his shoulder. "He's only sleepin'—he'll wake up bimeby—then you look out fer snakes! He ain't the man to take a lie—ain't Saltpeper—not much! The best man in ten counties—take him how you will. Lordy! to see him in a knock-down an' drag-out! An' yit—he never had no inimies. Everybody tuck to him like a sick kitten to a hot brick—didn't they, pard? Hush! he's sleepin' yit! Shet up thar!—quit your yappin'! Don't you see he's sleepin'—my pard, Saltpeper."

Woodpecker—as the mourner had termed himself—sat in silence beside his murdered friend, a strangely wistful look upon his haggard face. He acted like one completely dazed. Beyond the fact that his partner was



lying before him, his brain seemed incapable of comprehending the truth. Often his hand would steal forth and gently touch the corpse, softly shaking it, trying to arouse the sleeper; but as the dead made no answer, the troubled look would deepen, the parched lip quiver, and the uneasy light deepen in his eyes.

"Ain't you slept most long enough, Peety?" he would utter, coaxingly. "Git up an' come 'long home with me, won't you? You must be hungry—an' there's somethin' good in the black jug—I saved it fer you. Pard—wake up! don't you hear me callin' ye? You skore me layin' thar so still—you don't move n'r speak n'r look at me. I ain't done nothin' to make you mad, hev I? I've worked stiddy every day sence you've bin gone. I did take a little day las' night—but I didn't know you was comin' so soon—I'd bin watchin' for you, pard. Speak to me, old fellow—don't look that-a-way—it makes me crawl all over! An'—you lay so funny! Your head—"

He started back, brushing one hand across his eyes with a fierce gesture. The horrible truth now for the first time appeared to strike him. The coagulated blood, the severed hand upon which rested the gory head! Now his stupefied brain began to work, now he began to realize why his old friend remained so deaf to all his entreaties.

Slowly his trembling hands were extended until they touched the head; but so scrambling were they that the touch sufficed to destroy its balance. The head slowly rolled over, resting upon the miner's knees, its sightless eyeballs staring full into his, the contracted lips seeming to part still further in a grin horribly unearthly.

A single yell of terror, of anguish, of grief and despair burst from Woodpecker's lips as he sprung back from the clammy touch. Then he crouched down in the road, quivering like a leaf in the storm, yet glaring at the trunkless head as though fascinated.

This time his cry was heard. A door opened and a bushy head protruded itself. The body followed and a half-dressed man approached with a mingled exclamation of wonder and alarm.

"God of mercy! Salpeter—dead! and you, Woodpecker!"

"Don't you dare tetch him!" snarled Woodpecker, springing upon the man as he stooped over the ghastly object. "He's mine—my pard! You ain't got no claim on him—I'll kill you if you lay a finger's end on him!"

"How did it happen—who killed him—"

"Don't—don't say he's dead—it cuts me wuss'n a knife," piteously pleaded Woodpecker.

"He never had a minny—he was too soft-hearted. They wouldn't nobody dream o' killin' him—he's only hurt a little. I've knowed him to git hurt a heap wuss'n that, an' run a foot-race afore sundown. He dead—my pard? Ha! ha! it makes me laugh my sides sore—an' I couldn't laugh if he was dead, could I? Not much—it'd kill me, too; yes, it would—don't I know! Then he ain't dead—ef he is hurt a little. We kin doctor him up. Thar—you go ax the doctor to come—tell him thar's a hat full o' gold ef he's quick. Why don't ye go? I can't—Peety wouldn't like it. He always wants me to be home o' him when he's sick—"

"I'll go for Doc, if you wish it, Woodpecker—but it's no use; it's ag'in' natur' for a man to want a doctor when his head's off," muttered the man, with an unusual choking in his throat as he trotted off up the street.

He found the doctor—Little Cassino—up to his elbows in blood. That night had brought him plenty of patients. The "free fight" at the Temple dance-hall was one to which the Blue-Earthers would often and proudly refer in days to come, and point to their graveyard as evidence.

"Head and hand cut off, you say?" echoed Little Cassino, his flushed countenance paling.

"Still another—" and hastily securing the bandage he was occupied with, he snatched up his hat and followed his guide.

They found an excited crowd already collecting around the spot. Woodpecker crouched beside the body—upon which he had replaced the head and hand as he had first found them—with bared knife, as though fearful some one would attempt to rob him of his dead.

"Don't you tetch him!" he snarled, as the doctor stooped to examine the corpse more carefully.

"I know now he's dead—murdered! But nobody shain't tetch him but me—"

was his pard—so worked together and slept together. I'd gladly 'a' died for him—God above knows it! An' he's mine, now he's dead, like he was alive—pardners still."

"How was it—tell us all you know about the matter. There's been foul murder done here, and it will be a stain on our manhood if we do not ferret out the murderer and do him full justice. Speak out, man!"

"I found him—just as you see. I can't say no more. 'Pears like thar's somethin' in the matter with my head—it feels so thick an' heavy. You see, I was at the dance—I didn't know Peety was comin' home so soon, or I'd bin lookin' out fer him, then this wouldn't 'a' happened. I'd 'a' died afore they could 'a' hurt one ha'r o' his head—God knows I would! 'Twas the devil done it—I know it! No human critter could 'a' found the heart to hurt him—my pard. God hev mercy on me! ah, pard—it makes my heart bleed to see you thar—dead! Ef you'd only called me—I'd 'a' heard you, even ef I'd bin dead drunk—they couldn't 'a' tetched you then. An' now—you're dead—dead! Lord God—kill me too—let me go 'long o' my old pard! I can't live without him—I won't!"

"Lead a hand here, fellows!" cried Little Cassino, grappling with the frenzied miner as he sought to drive the knife home to his own heart.

"Grab his tools—so! Woodpecker, you are not the man I thought you. If another man told me you would turn out a coward, I would have shut his mouth with a handful of loose teeth! And yet—with your partner lying murdered at your feet, you try to kill yourself, instead of swearing to live until you have hunted his murderers down and brought them to the gallows. For shame, man!"

"Let up, boys—I was a fool—you needn't fear I'll ever try that on ag'in. I reckon I was plum crazy. I might 'a' knowed Salpeter would 'a' cussed me till all was blue, ef I went to him an' couldn't show the alkops of his murderers. You're right, Doc—an' I thank you. Give me back my knife. Now listen, all you fellows. I want you to bear witness to what I say."

Sinking upon his knees beside the mutilated corpse of his murdered friend, Woodpecker, half-crazed, uttered a vow of vengeance so fearful, so frenzied, that more than one of those present turned aside, shudderingly, with chilled blood and blanched faces. Then the avenger quietly arose, and after a lingering look at his lost partner, glided away to his shanty, soon returning with a blanket which he spread over the body.

He selected the best slabs from his cabin, taking them from the sides as though he had no further use for the building. And with these he began to make a coffin. No one offered to assist him, instinctively feeling that such an offer would be deemed an insult.

"It's a strange affair!" muttered the doctor, half to himself. "Three times over have I seen the same thing!—the head, the hand—even to the missing finger!"

"I've seed two of 'em, an' heard tell of t'other," said a squat, heavy-bearded digger.

"An' I reckon most o' you boys hev heard somethin' about it, too. But to my mind thar's more in the matter than shows on top. Who among you kin tell me jest who those three—the other two, I should say—jest who an' what they was?"

"That I kin, Bart Noble," cried a little skinny specimen of humanity in a dirty shirt and ragged trousers. "One was old Webfoot—he got rubbed out in jest this way, at Frisco. T'other was Ben Gridley—I found him myself, two miles out o' Fiddletown, on a Sunday, in '82."

"Less'n three months a'ter Harry Love made his big strike—co-rect. An' in the three cases thar was the head cut off, the right hand cut off—an' the little finger missin' from that same hand; jest as you seed with Salpeter here, gentlemen. That's a co-incidence, you'll say, mebbe. I don't deny it. Mebbe I kin show you an' tell you that these three men was in his company the day he rid down Joaquin Murietta an' his gang. That's a co-incidence. The boys cut off Joaquin's head; they cut off Three-Fingered Jack's hand—the hand that had lost its little finger; then's co-incidences, too. I take it, gentlemen," triumphantly concluded Bart.

"Then you think—"

"No, I don't," quickly interposed the man. "But I do say this: ef I was one o' the men as aimed that blood-money, I'd feel mighty uneasy about the neck ontel I'd put the ocean atween me an' the kentry whar such co-incidences happen so often."

"I'd rather believe 'twas them durned blue-nosed Yanks over yender as cheated me out o' my clearin' when I was drunk," snarled the skinny bummer. "Who knows anything about 'em? They never goes nowher—of a body comes nigh 'em, they turn thar backs an' sneak off like they'd bin caught suckin' aigs."

"That's too thin, Gin Cocktail," laughed Bart. "You sold the claim at your own price, an' thought you was doin' the cheatin'; ontel they tuck hold an' worked like you was too lazy to do, an' struck it rich."

A sharp cry from Woodpecker drew all eyes toward him. He had lifted the corpse into its rude coffin, when a handsome tortoise-shell pen-knife fell to the ground. He grasped this eagerly, as a possible clue to the murderer or murderers.

"You're sure it wasn't his own?" demanded Little Cassino, closely examining the knife; but before answer could be made, the man called Gin Cocktail cried, excitedly:

"I know that knife—what did I tell ye? I knowed they was mixed up in it! That knife belongs to Soft Tommy, an' he's the murderer—him an' his brother!"

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### SOFT TOMMY IN TROUBLE.

THE red-nosed, skinny bummer, whose notorious love for that detectable compound had given his *s-brique*, Gin Cocktail, caused a general sensation with his triumphant speech. Under any other circumstances his word would scarcely have been believed on oath, but the rough crowd present was just ripe for anything that promised to wipe out the wrong done them through the murder of their fellow-digger, nor were they men to carefully weigh the evidence presented. With them deliberation followed judgment.

Gin Cocktail's cry was taken up by a dozen other voices. Knives and pistols were drawn. Loud curses and threats took the place of low, awed whisperings. Then the bummer raised the cry—the crowd started toward the little cabin of Soft Tommy and his brother; but Woodpecker stood before them, with cocked revolver.

"Wait a bit, thar, boys. 'Twas my pard as is killed—not your'n. I claim the right to avenge him—"

"That you shall have, old man," interrupted Bart Noble. "We'll arrest the feller, fetch him back yere, give him a fair trial, an' ef he's proved guilty, you shall have him to deal with as suits you best. Only—long as I kin lift a fin or draw a trigger the lad shall have a fair show; no murderin' fer me!"

"I'm with you, Bart," chimed in Little Cassino. "I don't know the man you mean, but he is entitled to a fair show for his life. You agree to that, Woodpecker?"

"I don't want nobody's skelp 'cept o' them as murdered my pard. But ef Gin Cocktail's right, I'll kill Soft Tommy though a thousand men stood atween us!" slowly replied the avenger.

"Good enough! now come on, boys—no mind; cool an' easy's the word," added Noble, leading the way.

The distance was not great. Less than half a mile from the town of Blue Earth the mining claims began. In a narrow gulch lay the claim owned and worked by the two brothers popularly known as Sneaky and Soft Tommy. The brothers were far from being popular among the rough population; their very sobriety and gentlemanly demeanor acted against them. Though polite and courteous to all, they avoided the saloons and gambling-houses as though contagion lurked there. They made no intimate friends, seeming rather to avoid than court observation. Hence they were dubbed "high-toned," "got the big-head," and "they ain't no better'n they should be, n'r they wouldn't act so durned sneaky."

The door of the little slab shanty was closed, and when Bart Noble knocked loudly, there came a faint exclamation as of alarm, and a hurried bustling around, with some little delay before the door was opened. A fair-haired, pale-faced lad, whose trembling fingers were buttoning a coarse blue blouse, confronted the miners. There was alarm, if not absolute terror, in the full blue eyes as Soft Tommy beheld those rough, excited faces, though he managed to stammer a few words, asking their pleasure.

"Don't you be skeered, young 'un," replied Noble, not unkindly. "They's somethin' happened down-town which we thought mebbe you might know somethin'—"

"It's murder—that's what it is!" snarled Gin Cocktail, venomously. "You're ketch'd at last, you bl—!"

"An' that's my boot—that's what it is!" angrily cried Bart, as he turned and grasped the bummer, twisting him around until the proper portion of his anatomy for such a visitation was at a convenient distance, then applying his heavy boot with signal effect. "You jest open your head ag'in ontel your betters is done, an' I'll double the dose—you hear me?"

"He said murder—inbed, indeed, gentlemen. I know nothing of this! I have not left this house since brother went away, yesterday," gasped Soft Tommy, brushing his bedewed brow.

"I believe it—every word. But you know what the law is. You've bin web-foot—an'

though the feller as did it is such a' outdacious liar he can't even b'lieve hisself—why, you must come over an' tell the boys all you've bin doin'. Don't you fret, now; 'tain't nothin' when you git used to it. You say you don't know nothin' about it, an' I b'lieve you. Then you won't be hurt. You shall hev a fair trial—that I kin promise ye, anyhow!"

Despite this unusual consideration on Noble's part, the accused, instead of feeling reassured, grew even more agitated, until he had to be carried rather than led to the scene of the mysterious murder. And when he stood beside the rude coffin which contained the mutilated remains of Salpeter, his agitation was excessive—so much so that Bart interchanged a troubled and puzzled glance with the doctor. If not guilty, Soft Tommy was behaving most unaccountably.

"He knows something about it—more than he is willing to tell," whispered Little Cassino; "and yet he couldn't have killed a big man like Salpeter. Is his brother—this Sneaky, as you call him—anything like him?"

"In features only. He's a tall, likely feller—"

"Could he have handled Salpeter?"

"He looks able—though Salt was a tough mouthful, when he let whisky alone. Then you think—"

"That he's trying to hide the real murderer; I don't think you need guess twice who that is," replied the doctor.

"I reckon you've struck pay-dirt, Doc. Anyhow, I'll work that lead, ef I kin only git the boys to put me in as judge. Look at em now! They're growin' red-hot! That fool boy! he's twistin' the rope to hang himself, with such woman's doin's. I'm dub'nus it'll be tough work savin' his neck, ef he don't brace up."

Bart Noble spoke no more than the truth. Soft Tommy's strong agitation was observed and commented upon, as usual with human nature, having the worst possible construction placed upon it. The diggers were rapidly becoming convinced that Gin Cocktail had, for once in his life, told the truth when he denounced the lad as Salpeter's murderer. Only the prompt interference of Bart and Little Cassino prevented, or rather postponed, the outbreak.

"Gentlemen—we are losing time, valuable time for me, at least, since I have left my patients in order to see justice done here. I believe we are all agreed on one point: that the prisoner is to have a fair trial. As honest, law-abiding citizens, we can do no less. Therefore, gentlemen, I propose that you nominate Barton Noble as judge to try this case. You all know him. He will do what is right and square, though the heavens fall. Those in favor of Noble for judge, will please hold up their hands," and Little Cassino set the example, which was followed by three-fourths of the crowd.

Noble bore his honors with characteristic coolness, doffing his hat and smoothing down his tangled hair as he took possession of the three-legged stool procured from the nearest house, and at once proceeding to select a jury. Scarcely a man present but was ready and willing to serve, but Noble made good use of his authority and promptly rejected all those whom he believed were strongly prejudiced against the prisoner. At length the panel was complete.

"Now, boys," impressively stated Judge Lynch, "you're sworn to do your duty an' nothin' but your duty, a'cor'din' to the sense the Lord has given ye. You must listen to the evidence, both for an' ag'in' the prisoner; you must weigh it well, rubbin' out all as won't hold water an' makin' a note of what you think is the evidence, and at once decidin' to select a jury."

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"I mean, Arthur, that changes have come to both of us since last we met. You are the commander on this border, while I am—"

"What?" asked the officer, as the other paused.

"The Hermit Chief!"

"Good God! are you that monster? Have you come to that?"

"Steady, boy, steady! Your tongue has slipped its leash and goes galloping wildly."

"Yes, after I left the States, you know why, I had to plot and counter-plot to keep from starving; so I came West, and circumstances made me a robber-chief."

"A fit termination to your guilty acts of years ago; but, why do you seek me here? Is not the bond between us severed?"

"No, Arthur, and it never can be," somewhat sadly said the Hermit Chief, and then he continued firmly:

"I came not here to ask gold of you, but to demand the release of my lieutenant, now your prisoner, for when I learned of his capture, then it was that I heard that Arthur Radcliff was the new commander of this new frontier post."

"Yes, and a short while ago you held in your power my daughter Ruth."

"Ha! now I recall the resemblance that so haunted me. Yes, she was captured by some of my men, and rescued by that arch-fiend, the Prairie Pilot; but, Arthur, I must have Ralph Radcliff."

"What! is the outlaw prisoner in my power that youth?" cried Colonel Radcliff, in surprise.

"Yes; do you think that I would allow that prize to slip through my fingers? Oh, no!"

"And the girl?"

"Is at my cabin. The two believe themselves my children."

"My God! when will your villainies end?"

"In the great hereafter."

The deep voice of the Hermit Chief was almost reproachful as he uttered these words.

After an instant of silence, Colonel Radcliff said:

"And you desire the release of Ralph Radcliff?"

"I demand it. You can not hang him!"

"I would not wish his blood on my hands. I have been wild, perhaps, and through your influence have been guilty of acts I would not recall; but I am not wicked enough to take his life, if in my power to save him. Yet, how can it be done?"

"Easily. He was married to a young girl that really loves him. Keep less strict guard over him and she will get him out."

"It shall be done. Now our business ends, I suppose."

"No; I must ask you to be less persevering in your attacks on my hand—at least while I command, which will not be long."

"Thank God for that. Now our interview is over."

"Not quite. I desire you to witness one of our outlaw executions."

"Indeed! Who is your victim now?" sneeringly asked the officer.

"One for whom you seem to have a deadly hatred, men tell me. We heard where he had his retreat, and I sent men there, who luckily caught him while he was fishing, and unsuspecting of danger; but his splendid horse, repeating-rifle and belt of arms they did not find."

"To whom do you refer?" somewhat impatiently asked Colonel Radcliff.

"To the Prairie Pilot."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### ON THE VERGE OF DEATH.

WHEN the Hermit Chief made known who was his prisoner, Colonel Radcliff started, and an exclamation of surprised pleasure escaped his lips.

"I thought it would be pleasant news to you; but darkness is coming on, and if you wish to see the Prairie Pilot hanged, we must hasten."

"I will go, for I wish that man out of the way. True, he has done me only kindnesses, but if he lives I feel that Ruth will become his wife in spite of all that I can do. And I am glad to have the affair taken off my hands."

"Doubtless; but come."

Leading the way, the Hermit Chief ascended the hill to the top of the bluff, where were visible in the gloom fully two-score of men, standing in ominous silence.

"I would not be seen by your men; I will remain here in the shadow of this tree," said Colonel Radcliff, halting.

"As you please; when the show is over, you know the way home, and we will await Ralph here. This note given to him will explain."

"I will see that he gets the note, and will do all I can to effect his escape. Farewell."

The Hermit Chief held out his hand, but withdrew it instantly with a bitter laugh, and walked toward the group standing some hundred yards away.

In the midst of that group was Prairie Pilot, his face pale and stern, his form erect, his eyes flashing defiance upon his foes.

As the Hermit Chief had said, he had been surprised while fishing in the river for his evening meal, and when armed with only one revolver and knife.

But he made a brave resistance, and it was only after a desperate struggle that he was secured.

That his retreat was not far away his captors knew; but search as they might, no trace of it could be found, and they were compelled to come away with their prisoner, without having found his famous steed, or secured his famous rifle and belt of arms.

When the Hermit Chief advanced, there was a noise around the neck of Prairie Pilot, and the rope that was to drag him up to an ignominious death was thrown already across the limb of a tree above his head.

Thus far the Hermit Chief had not seen his prisoner, his capture having been reported to him while he was waiting for the coming of Colonel Radcliff, and with some curiosity he walked forward and gazed into the noble, handsome face of the scout.

Involuntarily an exclamation of surprise arose to his lips; but it was checked by the manner of Prairie Pilot, whose eyes flashed fire, and face became livid, while every vein on his forehead stood out like cords.

Started by his emotion, the chief stepped back, and sternly ordered:

"String him up! and quickly, too, or the devil may yet aid in his escape."

A dozen men seized the end of the rope, and running off with it, the splendid form of Prairie Pilot was the next moment dangling in the air, the handsome face black with rage and pain.

Quickly the end of the rope was made fast to a small sapling, and a cheer broke from the crowd of bandits, as they felt that at last their untiring enemy was beyond doing them further injury.

But, as the cheer ended, a rapid rattle of rifle-shots came from over the bluff, and several outlaws fell dead in their tracks.

Instantly there was the wildest excitement, and mounting in hot haste, while believing that they were attacked by a body of troops, they dashed off at full speed, the Hermit Chief at their head.

As they disappeared in the gloom of the timber, a horseman rode by like the wind, his steed springing over the dead bodies of the outlaws, and his knee brushing against the swaying body of Prairie Pilot—the horseman was Colonel Arthur Radcliff, riding with all speed toward the fort, and leaving the ghastly scene behind him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 342.)

#### GLEAMS FROM THE PAST.

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLSTON.

Is it the breath of the roses  
Mid the calm of the starlit night,  
That flushes your face with gladness  
And brings to your eyes a sweet light?  
Or is it a memory olden  
That comes with the breath of the flowers—  
A memory of moments that faded  
And died with the summer-time hours?

I see where the river is gleaming  
And flushing the valley with light,  
And I know that a passionate dreaming  
Is thrilling your being to-night.  
Far off from the mystical portals  
That guard the dim shadowland,  
An echo of gladness is breathing  
And the touch of a long vanished hand  
Is thrilling your heart with the sweetness  
I knew in the fair long ago,  
Ere the shadow of sorrow came bringing  
Its chalice of unmeasured woe.  
The past has its treasures of beauty,  
Its glimmers of golden light,  
Its memories of pleasures that vanished  
And ended in sorrow and blight.

And I know from the passionate yearning  
That looks from your worshipful eyes,  
That a gleam from the valley of dreamland  
Has brightened your long darkened skies.  
And yet, when the purple shadows  
Of the twilight sadder and cold  
Fall over the river and valley  
And the wide-sweeping landscape unfold,  
You stand 'mid the bush and the silence,  
A smile on your beautiful face,  
Forgetful of years that have vanished,  
Unheeding the footsteps that tread  
Far back to the sunny-edged portals,  
Then sink with the radiant years,  
That left for the sweet hopes they blighted  
But sorrow and vain, bitter tears.

Long ago, in a sweet, smiling summer,  
A summer of bud and of bloom,  
You longed for the gold of the autumn  
And the brightness that endeth in gloom.  
You knew not the breath of the spoiler  
That blighted the beautiful flowers,  
Would chill all your radiant day-dreams  
And banish the fair, fleeting hours.  
Ah! childhood hours are the brightest,  
And womanhood comes but too soon—  
And teaches the heart that the blossoms  
Of life find in the summer a tomb.  
And that oft are the mists of the autumn  
Below in our azure-hued sky,  
The flowers of hope and of beauty  
In fair, broken sweetness will lie.

#### Under the Surface: OR, Murder Will Out.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.  
AUTHOR OF "UNDER RAIL," "MABEL VANE,"  
ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### THE TWO LETTERS.

THE next morning, languid, listless and yawning, Minerva Clayton cast her eyes over the local columns of the *L. dger*. The girl, despite the look of self-satisfaction and settled triumph of a few evenings ago, had not been entirely at ease since. The form of Algernon Floyd, tall, elegant, dark-bearded, dignified and hawk-eyed, had haunted her mind. Had she not reckoned too rashly, too hastily, on winning him and his hundred thousands? She knew that he was of a haughty, imperious nature, stern and unbending in some matters; yet she likewise knew that, a year or so ago, the young man was ardently in love with her. She well recollected that she, almost with scorn, had repelled the advances of this penniless young man, and had told him, quite plainly, that no poverty-stricken youth could ever expect to win the hand of Minerva Clayton, the peerless. Despite this, however, there had been times when a faint glow of admiration for the elegant form and handsome, swarthy face of Algernon Floyd, the penniless, had flashed through her bosom. She knew his lion nature, his superb *humeur*; and these traits, coupled with personal attractions, had, more than once, made Minerva Clayton pause and think. Her thoughts on such occasions were these: Have I not money enough already?—will I ever receive an offer from such a fine-looking, well-connected fellow again? But when Clinton Craig came into the lists, she promptly answered the first of these questions in the negative, the second in the affirmative, and Algernon Floyd had passed from her mind, it seemed, forever.

But a new order of things had lately arisen, necessitating much reflection, to see clearly the way ahead. And much reflection, despite her somewhat hasty decision of a few nights since, had Minerva Clayton, bold, beautiful, ambitious woman that she was, given the subject. But the result of her cogitations was to confirm her previous decision; to win at all sacrifice the dark-bearded, handsome Algernon Floyd, the wealthy; to cast overboard, forever, the light-haired, equally handsome Clinton Craig, the penniless.

Yes, Minerva Clayton was languid and worn this morning; for in addition to her mental perturbation, the girl had been kept awake, nearly all night long, by the clanging fire-bells and the riotous rolling and rumbling of fire-engines. She cast her eyes down the local columns of the paper. Her gaze suddenly halted, as it fell on a short article captioned: "DISASTROUS FIRE—SAD ACCIDENT."

As she read a line or so of the paragraph in question, she started slightly. Then a malicious smile of contentment broke over her face. Holding the paper nearer to her, she read aloud, gloating, it seemed, with almost fiendish delight, over each word:

"DISASTROUS FIRE—SAD ACCIDENT."

"Last night, between nine and ten o'clock, the extensive lumber-yard of John Ray, Esq., was destroyed by a private watchman to be on fire. The alarm was instantly given and the firemen were promptly on the spot. We are sorry to say that, despite every effort, the entire lot of valuable lumber was destroyed. Owing to the combustible nature of the material the flames spread with fearful celerity, putting at naught every effort to check them. We are called upon to chronicle, in connection with this fire, the sad death of Mr. Ray, owner of the property. It seems that he was early on the spot and performed wondrous to save his property, which was but partly insured. Forcing his way through burning piles of lumber in order to assist at blowing up some of the heaps, hoping thus to check the spread of the flames, his way of retreat was suddenly cut off and he perished horribly in the fiery element, in view of hundreds who were unable to afford him succor. He was a true man, a good citizen, and an excellent neighbor. His memory will always be green with those who knew him."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Minerva Clayton, showing her beautiful, pearly teeth in glistening rows. "How Providence has ordered all this! Reduced to poverty in a single twenty-four hours—thrown upon their own resources. Clinton Craig and Alice Ray are amply mated! Let them cultivate their budding loves, and, at last, they—"

Suddenly the bell rung, and a moment or so afterward a servant-girl entered the breakfast-room where Minerva was sitting. She carried two letters.

"For you, Miss Minerva, both of them, and—city letters."

"Hand them here, Margarette."

Taking the letters eagerly in her hands, the maiden glanced over the superscriptions. Her face fairly wreathed itself in smiles, as she recognized the handwriting on one envelope; but it was slightly, only slightly, wrinkled with a frown as she glanced at the other envelope, the plain, bold direction on which was equally well known to her.

"You can go, Margarette. Have breakfast served in half an hour, at which time papa will be up and ready."

She turned at once to the letters, taking first the one she had examined last. Slowly she read it through, now and then a changing shade passing over her countenance. When through, she laid it down, open, and secured it with a paper-weight. She took the other, and while a glow of unconcealed joy sparkled on her cheek and shone out from her eyes, she read it, word by word. Again she read it, and again. Folding it, quietly, she placed it away in her bosom and sat holding her hands, while an ecstatic smile hovered around her mouth. At last, taking up the letter which was under the paper-weight, she glanced hurriedly over it. Laying it aside, she drew toward her pen and paper, and commenced to write. She hastily scribbled a note and cast it aside. Then she wrote another note—more properly a letter—with which she took much pains.

She leaned back and the same joyous smile came again to her face. Reaching over, she rung the bell. Margarette appeared in a moment.

"Give these two notes to the boy and tell him to deliver them in person. One goes to the office of Doctor Ashe, the other to Mr. Floyd's mansion on Spruce street. Tell him to hurry."

The letters which Minerva Clayton received that cold winter morning through the penny-post were both LOVE-letters. One read:

"MY DARLING, SWEET MINERVA!—You can not imagine how long I have to see you, to press your warm, loving hand, to whisper to you again how dear you are to me, to hear you breathe my name and say your love is mine! And, darling, I can not tell you of the almost horror of my soul, the other evening, when, calling to see you at your request, I was informed you were not at home; yet, darling, I thought that night, when my heart was so sorrow-stricken, that I had never loved a woman so dearly. Nevertheless, darling, I make every excuse for you. Doubtless the exciting circumstances occurring lately in which I am interested—or rather, have been involved—have sootied and distracted your system. Now, darling, a word or so more. Since I have known you, I have always been candid and confiding, and I will be the same now. When in prosperity I aspired to your love, so, in adversity, I cling to it. I know that your soul is not so cold, that you look beyond the baser dross to the pure gold of a sincere love. Doubtless, by this time, you know full well the startling events occurring at the mansion of my late adopted father. *Have been entirely disinterested*, the law did it, and being just I did not say nay; nor do I, in the least, murmur. Of course it was a shock to me, a terrible blow; for I had looked forward to our approaching marriage with feelings which can not be described. Alas! that marriage can not now be consummated, and I do not ask you to stand to your engagement. But, Minerva, I do ask you, trusting, continually, that you will still be mine, at some future day, a day I can not name; but it will come, when I am able to offer you a home and independence, if not luxury, I beg you, darling, to let me see you to-morrow. I leave this house, now the property of Algernon Floyd, to-night. For a few days I will be at the residence of my friend Doctor Ashe, where a note will reach me. Appealing to you, darling, by the love you have professed for me and which I know you bear toward me, to grant me an interview to-morrow, I am, as of old, your own devoted

"Your own devoted

"CLINTON."

The other letter read thus:

"MY DARLING, SWEET MINERVA!—You can not imagine how long I have to see you, to press your warm, loving hand, to whisper to you again how dear you are to me, to hear you breathe my name and say your love is mine! And, darling, I can not tell you of the almost horror of my soul, the other evening, when, calling to see you at your request, I was informed you were not at home; yet, darling, I thought that night, when my heart was so sorrow-stricken, that I had never loved a woman so dearly. Nevertheless, darling, I make every excuse for you. Doubtless the exciting circumstances occurring lately in which I am interested—or rather, have been involved—have sootied and distracted your system. Now, darling, a word or so more. Since I have known you, I have always been candid and confiding, and I will be the same now. When in prosperity I aspired to your love, so, in adversity, I cling to it. I know that your soul is not so cold, that you look beyond the baser dross to the pure gold of a sincere love. Doubtless, by this time, you know full well the startling events occurring at the mansion of my late adopted father. *Have been entirely disinterested*, the law did it, and being just I did not say nay; nor do I, in the least, murmur. Of course it was a shock to me, a terrible blow; for I had looked forward to our approaching marriage with feelings which can not be described. Alas! that marriage can not now be consummated, and I do not ask you to stand to your engagement. But, Minerva, I do ask you, trusting, continually, that you will still be mine, at some future day, a day I can not name; but it will come, when I am able to offer you a home and independence, if not luxury, I beg you, darling, to let me see you to-morrow. I leave this house, now the property of Algernon Floyd, to-night. For a few days I will be at the residence of my friend Doctor Ashe, where a note will reach me. Appealing to you, darling, by the love you have professed for me and which I know you bear toward me, to grant me an interview to-morrow, I am, as of old, your own devoted

"Your own devoted

"CLINTON."

This was the letter Minerva had placed in her bosom.

Since we have transcribed these notes, word for word, for the reader's benefit, we will give Minerva's answer to each. That to her old lover's letter read curiously thus:

"MR. CRAIG—Yours of yesterday, to hand. I am rather surprised at its contents; but in answer to the request, somewhat vaguely given, I only say, you can see me at home this evening after eight o'clock. Respectfully,

"MINERVA CLAYTON."

The girl's answer to her new (yet old) lover, read thus:

"MY DEAR MR. FLOYD—Yours of yesterday, breathing sentiments of admiration for me—unworthy object has reached me. Believe me, my dear sir, that your letter has awakened in me old-time regrets, regrets which I would fain turn to consolation. I would simply say that you never have been indifferent in my eyes. You are not now. The interview requested is most cheerfully accorded. Come to-day, between eleven and twelve, when, believe me, sir, I will be prepared to listen attentively to whatever you may wish to confide to

"Yours, very truly,  
"MINERVA C."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### THE TWO VISITORS.

MINERVA CLAYTON arrayed in all the splendor and fashion that wealth could afford, trembled slightly as she slowly descended the broad, velvet carpeted stairs, and took her way to the parlor. Between her fingers she was twirling a perfumed card; but as she drew near the parlor-door, she hastily thrust the card in her pocket, and summoning all her firmness, forced a sweet, winning smile to her face, and entered the grand apartment, as gorgeous as an Eastern queen.

Algernon Floyd, elegantly arrayed, tall and splendid, was striding up and down the parlor. He turned quickly as he heard the soft footfall behind him. Schooled as he was in the ways of the world, the young man started at the dazzling splendor of the maiden.

Minerva greeted him with a stately bow, at the same time extending her hand, frankly and cordially.

Bowing low over that soft white hand, Algernon Floyd murmured some incoherent words; but, then, with the grace of a prince, he led the maiden to a sofa, and sat down beside her.

The conversation which ensued we will not narrate. We will simply state that in an hour

after the arrival of Algernon Floyd he was supporting, on his broadclothed bosom, the magnificent, tressy head of Minerva Clayton; and when he left the apartment, hat and gloves in hand, he imprinted a kiss upon the girl's dewy lips, while he murmured in her ear:

"Farewell, dearest—but only for a time!"

The day wore away; evening came with its twilight and shadows, and a black night settled down again over the Quaker City.

The bell had just sounded at the Clayton mansion, and a timid questioner, card in hand, stood without on the windy steps.

Margarette had answered the summons, and she looked rather superciliously upon the young man who stood there in the cold. She paid no heed to the card, contenting herself by saying stiffly as though she was mistress of the mansion:

"Miss Clayton expects you; she is in the parlor."

Young Craig—for it was he—recoiled before the imperious demeanor of the girl, and a cold chill crept apace over his heart. But noticing Margarette no further, he entered the hall, and, hat in hand, and overcoat on his arm, turned into the familiar parlor of old.

The bank-president's daughter, erect and cold, stern and frigid as a marble Diana, stood in the center of the room, all glitter and magnificence.

One glance at her face and Clinton Craig started violently. Nervous and fearing, he was about to advance and greet her; but she checked him by a single look.

He paused as if shot.

"I received your note, Mr. Craig," she began steadily, "and I have granted you this interview. Be as brief, if you please, as is convenient. Perhaps you can make known your errand, standing. I have an engagement this evening."

These words were spoken in the iciest, the cruelest of tones, while a half-smile flitted over the hard, stern face of the speaker.

"What! what is it, Minerva?" gasped the young man in a choking breath.

"What is it? Forsooth! and you should know, Mr. Craig," was the answer.

"For heaven's sake, Minerva, explain this hideous change to me! Speak to me, darling!" he exclaimed, in an outburst of woe, as he drew nearer her. "Tell me, darling one, why you thus treat me? Oh! Minerva, I love you madly! I love the very air—"

"Bah! hold, Mr. Craig! It is not proper in me to listen to such words as these. I can not listen to them: I am engaged to be married."

As if a thunderbolt had crashed at his feet, Clinton Craig, while a fearful shudder shook his frame, recoiled.

"Engaged! engaged! Ay! and to whom, but me, Minerva?"

"To Algernon Floyd," was the calm, freezing reply.

For a moment tumultuous torrents of blood flowed madly to Clinton Craig's face; then his cheeks were cadaverous in hue. But then, gradually, the wanted tinge of robust health came again to his face.

Slowly he gathered up his majestic height, and, for a moment, gazing the treacherous woman fixedly in the face, he turned without further word or gesture, and left the house.

To her dying day Minerva Clayton forgot not that look.

Oh! fair and false Minerva! We dare not wish you peace and happiness!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 338.)

#### Tales of the Indies.

BY YAM.

##### CAST AWAY ON TIGER ISLAND.

"KER-R-R-R-R. Ker-r. Ker-r-r."

After a voyage of four months, remarkable for the unusually heavy weather experienced, we were "hove-to" in a very thick fog in the Bay of Bengal, awaiting a glimpse of the sun to take an observation.

Being in the vicinity of Tiger Island, or "Sanger," and also in the track of vessels, we had ordered the "look-out" to blow the fog-horn at intervals and keep a sharp look-out for ships or land.

About three o'clock the fog lifted and discovered us slowly drifting toward a lee shore, with every indication of the wind freshening.

"Stations, everybody!" roared our skipper. All hands were on deck and obeyed the command with alacrity, for our danger was imminent.

"Stand by your starboard anchor!"

"Ay, ay, sir, from twenty throats."

"Stand by to pay out chain."

As this moment it commenced to blow big guns, the men were all attention to the eye and voice of the captain and officers.

All hands except the commander were forward, nervous and impatient to take steps to avoid or escape the peril that threatened.

"Let go!" yelled Captain Wilcox.

There was a splash and a grating noise as the cable ran through the bows, the men paying out until the stoppers were reached.

We were now only a quarter of a mile from the land and the wind blowing a gale, every-body anxious and alarmed.

Thirty fathoms of cable were now in the water, and we were still drifting.

"Pay out more cable, Mr. B—," said Captain Wilcox.

Thirty fathoms more were given to her, but still she dragged her anchor.

Tremendous excitement now prevailed; every one felt the importance of decisive and immediate action, and prepared to obey the next order promptly.

"Stand by your port anchor!"

"Let go."

"Feed your cable, bear a hand!"

Not a moment was to be lost; the orders were executed as soon as given, and each man and boy worked for dear life.

All human efforts were futile, however. Two minutes more would decide the fate of the gallant ship and her no less gallant crew; there was a breathless silence as all eyes were fixed upon the shores.

The nerves of each man were strung to the utmost tension, and the greatest sensitiveness possessed the body of each man as he waited to feel the first shock as she struck.

At last she went aground; the sea as yet had not risen much, but as the wind continued to increase, we knew that in an hour the time the seas would wash clean over her, unless she should go immediately to pieces.

"Boats! crews away!" piped the boatswain, as the men emerged from below with their tarpaulin suits and most valuable articles.

The boats were lowered away and manned.

Captain Wilcox and the chief officer were the last to leave the stranded vessel, which was now filling rapidly with water; in their hands each bore a rifle and pouches.

Two boats had succeeded in reaching the

shore in safety, but the third capsized and the crew were lost; the fourth, containing the captain and his wife, landed safely.

The boats were turned bottom up and canvas covered over and around them, thus forming tolerable good tents.

Thus we spent the first night, without food or water; some hands had succeeded in making a fire which proved a great comfort to us.

At daybreak the mate, myself and three midshipmen started on an expedition, taking the two rifles.

After ascending a huge rock overhanging the sea, we discovered in the distance a light-house, for which we immediately set out.

Upon our arrival we found it to be inhabited by the Hindoos who were left in charge, with a stock of provisions.

They informed us that they had only arrived two days before, and it would be at least two weeks before they would be relieved from duty.

They had sufficient provisions to last them until the steamer should come with the relief, but no more, as the stores were brought with each relay of men, and only intended to last as long as the men should stay.

However, they afforded us some relief, for which we were very thankful; after which we had a comfortable smoke and were informed that we were cast away on Tiger Island, which was uninhabited and overrun by tigers and wild beasts.

Toward noon we started down the spiral ladder, carrying with us a bag of provisions and a box of bread for the partial relief of the rest of our shipmates.

We returned to camp with the understanding that we should come up and take possession of a vacant building at the base of the light-house, but were told that they could give us no more provisions, and we would have to hunt and fish to sustain ourselves.



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## Sunshine Papers.

### Ethics of a Mirror.

There are two articles of faith in a woman's creed—a mirror and a man; not a man and a mirror. One, being of a reflective nature, never deceives her; the other, being by nature deceptive, always deceives her. Yet, strange creature that a woman is, to the end of her life she continues to regard those two articles with religious and almost equal constancy. Indeed, it would take a most unbiased judge—probably no mortal will ever be found quite philosophically profound enough, and equally profoundly unprejudiced, to be a competent adjudicator—to decide which of the two—a member of the masculine sex or a mirror—is dearest to the female heart. Of course man, with his unconquerable natural conceit, would fondly believe that some one of his sex was the favored object; while woman, with her inborn spirit of uncharitableness as regards her judgment of her own sex, would sentimentally decide for the mirror. So the vexed question must remain forever unsettled; only, really, how could a woman exist without her mirror?

Never was there a maiden so innocent, so untutored, so strangely educated, so savagely reared, but that she became familiar with her own face and form as reflected back to her from some broken bit of glass, polished surface of metal, pool of dark water, or brilliant, dewy globe. She may lose a lover, and shed a small ocean of salty tears on his account, but, so long as she is not deprived of a mirror, consolation under this heartrending calamity is left her. She consults her glass to see whether her eyes have grown very red, and how interesting she looks in her grief, and is comforted. And though that distressing man may be gone for years, until her hair grows streaked with gray, and wrinkles are plainly discernible upon her brow, still she will find her mirror a comforter and friend to whom she will confide her griefs and disappointments, with many long, dreamy glances recalling her first study of her face there as a maiden wooed.

It is certainly undeniable that woman makes of her mirror a great friend. She goes to it in anger, and in sorrow, and in joy. She consults it upon the length of her new skirts, the shortness of her nose, the thickness of her last application of powder, the thinness of her lessening locks, and her general appearance after her first proffer. Before it she lives over the past, dreams dreams, and fashions futurity; devises new methods of arranging the hair; practices smiles, attitudes, glances, and gestures; studies colors, draperies, and effects. In fact, the larger part of some women's lives is devoted to consultations with the mirror.

And is this as it should be? Is there any need of so much precious time being spent before that quicksilver shrine, on the part of women? Is there any sense in their unparalleled devotion to a friend that is so purely a repetition of ourselves in our least enviable lights? Let every woman have her mirror. Let every woman, with its help, make herself as beautiful as possible. It is a woman's right to be charming and pleasing. But there are charms that cannot be gained by any hours of experiments before our glasses. There are ways of pleasing that are best known to those who spend least time in mere outward adornment. To make a constant friend of

one's mirror is to wash one's character with vanity, conceit, selfishness, and self-love; traits wholly ruinous to a woman's true loveliness. Nor is it necessary that hours should be spent upon one's toilet, to make it becoming and attractive. The most simple costumes, and comparatively inexpensive ones, are far more noticeable and admirable to the majority of eyes than the elaborate dresses that are wholly indescribable in their multiplicity of detail.

If there are young ladies who will train themselves to regard their mirrors as of only equal consequence with their brushes and combs and other toilet appliances; who will affect pure taste and plainness in dress; who will spend more time upon their physical development and mental culture than upon arranging finery before a toilet-glass; theirs will be the satisfactory results of gaining only approving reflections from their mirrors, and truthful regard, esteem, and promises, from the men who choose them as friends and companions.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## THE GUIDE-BOARD.

NO. I.

D've know the road to the bar'l of flour?  
At break o' day let down the bar'l of flour,  
And show which way the wind blows by the hour,  
Till a sandow—yes, till shine of stars.

—OLD SONG.

MANY and many a tired housekeeper too well knows the road to the flour-barrel, for such a lot of articles there are to prepare, and such a lot of persons there are to prepare them for, that I don't wonder they often feel inclined to wish people didn't have such appetites; yet these same housekeepers continue in their work and the folks of the house are well provided for. How much better that is than to give up cooking because people are so hungry! There is a great deal of toil in preparing this barrel of flour. The farmer must be up betimes to plow his wheat-fields, for he well knows that dilly-dallying, lying in bed late in the morning, or moping about the house will never make him successful. The morning air invigorates him and he will work the more satisfactorily when the day is fresh and he has just risen from a refreshing sleep. Oh, how lovely is the early dawn in the country! What an aroma of sweetness and healthful perfume fills the very air we inhale! Among the many things we have to thank God for one is certainly the bright summer morn in the country.

This rising early in the morning and getting to work is what makes our farmers and their wives, their lads and lasses, have such strong constitutions and live to such a good old age. I hope none of you are so foolish as to think a strong constitution is coarse and that robustness is decidedly unfashionable, because I shall just tell you that it is nothing of the kind. The road to the barrel of flour is sooner traveled by the strong and healthy ones, who are willing to work and push ahead, than by the whining, puny, make-believe sick hypochondriacs who want others to make the bread and let them eat it. Too lazy to let down the bars, to sow the seed, to plow the field and gather the harvest, they are not too lazy to eat.

"Working out in the fields is decidedly low and coarse," eh? For the one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-ninth time allow me to say it's nothing of the kind. *Work is noble*, and he who declines it is the ignoble one, and he ought to hide his head in very shame for giving utterance to such thoughts. If work were to stop because no one was noble enough to continue it, the flour-barrels would soon become empty, and starvation would kill the people off.

It may seem to you that this working in the soil may be very dirty work. I grant you that, but soap and water are cheap commodities and cleanliness can be gained again. It is no use to be ashamed of honest toil because it is dirty. I wish there were less dirty work of other kinds in this world. I wish that those who do such dirty work—where honesty is at such a discount—would not take so much pride in performing it; and I wish that these dirty, dishonest individuals could wash and clean their consciences as easily as the farmer can his face and hands. The dirt doesn't cling to the farmer with such tenacity as does the scum to the dishonest man. When you decry the honest work of the husbandman and uphold those whose money is gained by trickery, you are "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel," or, to use brother Tom's very expressive—yet less elegant phrase—you are "straining at an ant and swallowing a saw-mill." How is this for ventilation?

But we cannot all be farmers, and yet we all need the contents of the barrel of flour. As the farmer has got to be up early to let down the bars, so should we arise in time to set about our daily tasks. The loitering clerk, the sluggish master, or the procrastinating workman will never gain health or wealth. The early ones will get ahead in the race because they have started first and have improved the golden moments, moments too precious to lose.

Half the world knows not how the other half lives, because they don't get up early enough to find out. Many dream out their lives while others are working them out; and then when they feel hungry and go to the flour-barrel, they are actually surprised to find it empty, and think some one should fill it for them, and gratuitously too. How many moments are wasted, how many lives there are not worth the living, and how many hands are lying in idleness!

But, thank Heaven, we have noble beings still among us who are not afraid or ashamed to work, let the work be dirty—if it be honest labor—or clean—individuals whose names are not written in sand but in the great Book of Life—who live for something and strive for something, going step by step until the journey is done, and following the right path which the hand of the guide-board points to.

EVE LAWLESS.

## LEAVES.

"Leaves have their time to fall."

Do you care for them? Do you love them? Have you ever thought of how much they may recall? Whether fresh and young in the waning airs of springtime; whether serene and crisp and modestly falling before the frosty glances, there is a memory clinging to them, and every flutter and rustle seems to me like a whisper from long ago. They are very dear to me. I remember how, before school hours, the gallant boys were wont to weave us pretty wreaths of leaves and vine and blossoms, all half damp with dew and redolent with scents; and how, at eventide, we played beneath the oaks the gay games of childhood, romping at hide-and-seek among the bushes, while our various beaus wore different leaves, in hat or button-hole, in honor of his sweetheart. The time was one of holy affection and magical ties.

If there are "sermons in stones" there are pictures in leaves—to be painted by the wand of imagery. I have gathered them by the

brookside, dabbling in the water and dreaming of supposed Nereids far down among their caves of shells and rainbows, their groves and bowers lighted by the sky-tinted medusa. Yet I thought my little bedroom as bright a bower as theirs, for I had leaves in water-cups and over the sunshine crept in there was a rose and its leaf to greet it. In the fall, when out chomstutting—while we helpless girls could not climb—I have watched my favorite face, far up among the brown leaves, and thrown a kiss to my bold champion as he showered down the sweet nuts. Then for a ramble in the grim old woods, our feet crashing and swishing over the crisp leaves—to gather a bundle of marvelous hues for pressing and framing during winter evenings. Grandma used to teach us how pretty they looked in wreaths upon the white walls—blendings of pink and red and brown beautifully rich. Why, I may tell you that, to this day, I carefully preserve a large, brittle leaf handed to me by a dark-eyed boy, who said:

"Keep it forever, Minnie, to remember me and the good times we have had together."

I have cherished it faithfully, and have not seen the giver for many, many years. Perhaps he has gone with those who, like the leaves, have fallen when the object of their life is over. They who have died, or from whom I am separated till eternity, bear semblance to those leaves of mine, as I have seen them grow, and live, and pass away.

As I watch the leaves showering about me in the gloaming of autumn, I think of the lives they resemble and the smoldered loves they tell of. The wild wind that wrenches them from the bough does not seem as musical as of yore, but it conjures back the songs we sung and the vows we uttered, when the laughing breeze caught up the sound and mingled it through the leafy domes. Don't knock them carelessly aside with an old stick. Think of how others loved them for you—how those who loved you would have you kindly treat the leafy emblems of past affections. If I were to ill-treat a humble leaf, I would feel as if I had trodden on the heart of some one who once persuaded me to wear a leaf on my bosom at the husking-dance or Copenhagen. And if you intend making a present to me, let it be of leaves and holly, gilded with willow. I would rather receive it than a necklace of pearls; and I feel sure that I should weep, even foolishly, as the token recalled my life, my loves, my buoyant joys among the leaves in girlhood's days.

MINNIE V. HOLM.

## Foolscap Papers.

### Joan of Arc.

LADIES and gentlemen, I have been called upon to respond to the toast, Joan of Arc. I am frequently called upon for responses—most of them run—"an early response would greatly oblige your truly." I have always modestly declined to respond. In this request to respond I would like to decline also, but, as the response does not have to be made in a money form, I hasten to respond by the earliest mail.

Joan of Arc (Arc is short for Arkansas) occupies the most heroic light on my list of female acquaintances. She was born in 1412, if my memory doesn't go back on me, which she frequently does; but, perhaps some of the ladies present can remember the event. Her parents were rich folks without money, and looked upon her as a daughter, who in turn looked upon them as parents.

Jo had a warlike will of her own which she used to display in licking a brother bigger than herself every day, and was a constant reader of a woman's rights paper published in Boston, and early conceived the idea that all men deserved to be beaten in peace or in war, and she swore and subscribed to a vow never to allow herself to be captured by a man of the male persuasion, come who may.

When the war broke out between the English and the French, in Arkansas, she imagined one night she heard the voice of Susan Anthony on the still evening air, urging her to go and place herself at the head of the army and have all the army therefore at her feet.

She resolved to arise and go forth to conquer—she had been so used to conquering and not being conquered—and put on her armor, which consisted of a coat of male and pants of male, taking her switch off so that her hair would be the necessary shortness, and rode on the north and south sides of a horse until she came to the army which was trying to relieve the besieged city of New Orleans, which was gallantly holding out under General Jackson.

Placing herself at the front of the French she bade them follow her, and as she was good-looking, of course every man took after her, and each declared he would be glad to have her lead him through life while he would furnish the dry-goods without grumbling—much.

The city of New Orleans was entirely out of molasses, and the people were sitting on empty barrels of starvation. With a keg of molasses upon each horse she made a cavalry dash through the besieging English, and they instantly gave way, threw down their arms and ran, thinking it was Mrs. Dr. Walker, and so the city was saved from starvation. In honor of her heroism, Jackson commissioned her the Maid of Orleans, since she was fearfully and wonderfully made.

She made frequent sallies against the English ranks after this, and to see her mounted on a gayly-caparisoned steed, with her armor of male, and a parasol for a shield, and a fan to brush away the bullets which flew pretty thick, was a sight to make the English throw down their arms and offer her their hands.

Their arms she accepted, but their hands she respectfully declined.

Of course it was not a difficult thing for the English soldiers to surrender to her superior force, and haste to acknowledge themselves captivated; they dreaded the sharp angry glances of her eyes worse than so many lashes, and she, like all other women's rights women, showed no mercy for man.

The way she used to tear their hair in battle made the English think the whole Sioux tribe were upon them, and they inwardly Custer.

There may be gentlemen present who do not hesitate to think they have wives who would have done vastly better than Joan of Arc ever did, and I am willing to allow them the satisfaction of so thinking if they do so with commendable pride; and there may be ladies present who think they are out of their destined spheres; they can all have the privilege of thinking as they please in the matter, as I would be the last man to offend such. Not any of me.

It is a mistake to think that she perished at the stake. She arranged her own funeral pyre. Put kindlings carefully in the stove in order that they would burn finely, fixed every stick in order, and then poured kerosene out of a can upon it, as many others have done of late years; the consequence was the can exploded, the breakfast was neglected in the heat of the mo-

ment, and she came to her conclusion. It was a very sad kero-sene.

Arc, I hear an angel sing!  
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Topics of the Time.

—The mother-in-law problem has been reduced to its lowest terms in Maine. One man had four daughters and one son; his neighbor four sons and one daughter; these were enamored of those; not net—five weddings, aggregating only two mothers-in-law.

—A correspondent of the *National Baptist*, Philadelphia, tells a romantic story of a young man named Randall, formerly a resident of New York, who was captured in Syria by the Bedouins, married a chief's daughter, and has converted her and others of the tribe to the Christian faith.

—The French are showing great energy in their preparations for the Paris Exhibition of 1878. The Champs de Mars is now being inclosed and foreign commissions have been requested to send one of their number to represent them in Paris, with power to transact all matters in which his countrymen may be interested, such as the allotment of space.

—The latest in runaway matches is that of a belle and a barber from New Orleans. Society down there is whetted to its keenest edge, and the father threatens to strap his child if caught. The story of the barber shows a clean shave. The authorities are after them, and there will doubtless be a brush. The barber will probably dye game.

—When the first newspaper was started in Japan the editor asked a Japanese gentleman if he wished to have the paper sent regularly. No, I thank you, I have a copy," he replied. The gentleman of the old school had no idea that a newspaper contained fresh matter with every issue.

—"Leave your trunks at home," is a suggestion of Philadelphia newspapers to the multitude about to depart to the Centennial Exhibition. Mountains of trunks rise in every railroad depot, and travelers are frequently delayed in obtaining them. A hand-valise is far preferable. The fashionable garment in the Exhibition and on the streets is the one every person has worn in traveling.

—Brunswick, Ga., is suffering as severely from the yellow fever as Savannah, and, not being as healthy a city, its inhabitants have less ability to take care of the poor who are sick. The fever was introduced into the place by a sailor who was taken from a Spanish vessel sick with the disease and died Sept. 18th. The next case was that of a poor woman who had washed clothes from the ship. Then the disease spread.

—The last Paris sensation is a velocipede wedding, some twenty couples going to one on double velocipedes. They went to the Bois de Boulogne, headed by a mounted fiddler, and, after enjoying themselves, fled away to a restaurant, and wheeled home at night, the leader replacing his fiddle by a lamp.

—Turner, the painter, was at a dinner where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened. A poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast, "The painters and glaziers of England." The toast was drunk; and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed, "Success to the paper-stainers," and called on the poet to respond.

—The new sultan is thus described by a correspondent of the *London Times*: "A long, narrow head, a stern, resolute expression, indicative of energy, of intelligence, an earnest and not very placable disposition. It seemed to me the countenance of a ruler capable of much good or much evil, but knowing his own mind and determined to have his own will. There was an air befitting a high-bred man conscious of himself and bent on exacting his due."

That a human being may die of happiness is illustrated by Bellini's exit from this world's stage. He went to Paris to complete his "Puritani," and had so great a success that he was carried in triumph upon the stage, where he was decorated by the king. So much happiness in a single day overwhelmed him. He went sick to the house of a friend at Puteaux and died there. He was buried in Pere-Lachaise. That was in 1834; and it was only the other day that his remains were carried to Italy for interment in his native city of Catania.

A Scotch lady who put on a seal-skin jacket for the first time at a country dance in a man surprised by hearing the following remark made to her husband while passing through the graveyard: "When did the mistress get her claws stolen?" "Clas stolen! What do you mean?" "Oh, I list tocht some tramp had walked off with her wardrobe and you had gien her an old shootin'-jacket to get to the kirk in."

—The lead product and consumption of this country are both rapidly increasing, while imports are decreasing. In 1866 the product was 14,242 tons; in 1875, 53,000; with imports in 1866 of 27,300 tons; in 1875, 11,000. The annual consumption of the United States is about 60,000 tons, from which it appears that a slight increase of production would give a surplus for exportation. Spain and Great Britain are the only countries which yield more lead than the United States, their product being 67,000 and 68,000 tons respectively.

Cardinal Antonelli has many offices—is in fact the greatest pluralist in the Roman Catholic Church—and is by far the wealthiest Catholic ecclesiastic, if not the wealthiest of all Italians. His fortune is variously estimated at from 10,000,000 to 35,000,000 francs, independently of his rare and priceless collection of works of art, ancient coins, ancient statuary and other articles of *virtu*, worth not less than 20,000,000. The cardinal possesses one of the finest assortments of precious stones to be found in Europe, and he can boast of diamonds of all shapes of the purest water, incomparable emeralds, pearls and turquoises, the richest laces and the matchless marvels of the loom of the last period.

A balloon that ascended from Alexandria Palace on Aug. 23d was attacked by a bull on the descent in a meadow in Kent. One of the aeronauts threw out the last two bags of ballast, and the balloon rose in time to escape the horns of the bull. While goring the bags and scattering their contents, the animal's horns came in contact with the grapple-ropes, setting free the balloon and throwing one of the men out of the car. He seized the netting and was hauled into the car before the balloon had ascended many hundred feet. The airship finally anchored a mile to leeward of the bull.

—Exhibitions of antiquities and centennial relics are made at almost every country fair this year. At a fair now being held in Ridgely, Conn., the chief exhibits of this nature are: A commission in the provincial army 161 years old, signed by G. Saltonstall, 'Commander in Chief of His Majesty's forces in Connecticut,' a mortar used to grind snuff, brought from Ireland in 1718, a pair of wedding-shoes over 300 years old, an oath of allegiance signed by one Thaddeus Keeler at Valley Forge, and an inn-keeper's sign having upon it the date 1794.

—We shall follow Mr. Clark's story of adventures in Ceylon, now delighting the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, with Oll Coomes' narratives of his own and comrades' experience and exploits as amateur hunters and sportsmen, in the buffalo and antelope ranges of the wild West. Under the guise of

## ADRIPT ON THE PRAIRIE.

he gives many an episode of the real life that adventures participate in, out there, and as it is told in his usual agreeable and original style, the series of papers will be received with much delight.

## Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Gleanings from the Past," "Will You Love Me When I'm Old?" "Linger Near Me, Darling," "Of Royal Birth," "The Helping Hand," "An Unwritten Poem," "Olden Memories," "The Revolution," "A Banquet."

Declined: "Vina's Revenge," "Fairwell to Me," "My Native Land," "The Tough-No-Not," "A Good Evil," "When Shall We Meet Again?" "A Mouse," "Preaching from a Scaffold," "A Funny Incident," "Louise Tremaine's Engagement."

Miss EVELINE L. The answer was not for you. Write the paper and explain.

Oscar O. If you leave your trade before your time your father will be responsible.

H. L. K. The yachts are sailing vessels, of aloop and schooner rig, with a regular crew.

Don Penco. Write to *Scientific American*, New York. We know of no such offers.

W. M. E. Buffalo Bill uses Sharps, Remington and the Evans' rifles. All are good.

Wm J. See answer to "Subscriber" in No. 344. It takes three weeks, remember, to reply in the paper.

Drummer Boy. We know of no book on drumming. In bands the drum beats are ordered by notes. Off-hand drumming is learned by practice.

F. T. Brooklyn. Diamonds are commonly colorless or grayish, but some have a yellow and some a blue tinge, when they are called "off-color," and in proportion as they are off-color they are cheapened. There are also yellow, red, green, and black diamonds. We do not know the history of the diamond you mention. A blue gem, if clear and pure, might be very valuable.

Daddy O. Down. Very light hair will not turn dark unless it is dyed; and then the dye must be applied every week or ten days to keep it dark—a very foolish practice. Never apply the dye before the "stamblin'" in your speech. The hesitancy is probably not organic but a mere habit. Overcome it by persistent attention to deliberation and enunciation. Your third query is completely answered by the business "profitable" as a business, if well conducted. A good hardware clerk is quite sure of employment.

Frederick C. William H. Harrison was born February 9, 1773, in Virginia. He was the first Governor of the territory west of Ohio, and in 1799 he was elected to Congress; was Governor of the Territory of Indiana three years; and in 1800 he fought the battle of Tippecanoe. In 1810 he was elected to Congress. In 1841 to the Senate. March 4, 1841, he was inaugurated as President, and on the 4th of April, 1841, he died.

F. W. E. We have answered your very questions at least a dozen times within a year. Please look over the files, or do try and remember what is said on subjects that concern you. Do not expect a ring may be any ring that suits you. The inscription should be the initials of each—"B. D. to M. G."—and would be a substantial gift of plain solid gold—to stand wear and tear.

TIME NO. TEN. A speech twenty minutes long is quite long enough for any ordinary impromptu. Indeed, fifteen minutes is better. A speech of forty minutes must be a substantial effort to warrant such a use of time. A most excellent suggestion and aid you will find in Beadle's Dime Elocutionist.

Miss CHIEF. The young men of to-day are not what you insinuate. They never were better educated or more qualified for the duties of life. It is as absurd to keep up the delusion that they are not, as a class, desirable companions, and will not make good husbands, as for them to assume that all girls are artificial, "take the note out of your eye and marry!"

E. S. asks: "Is it polite for a young lady to refuse to dance with a gentleman when she has no other engagement?" Perfectly polite. A lady engaged in a polite manner. She may have excellent private reasons for her refusal.

Mrs. R. (Lockport, N. Y.) asks for a protection for steel from rust. To two parts of clear soft water dissolve two parts of chloride of antimony, two parts of crystallized chloride of iron, and one part of saltpetre. Shake well together in a large bottle. When thoroughly dissolved and mixed, apply a thorough coating with a sponge, and let it dry perfectly. Apply a second coat. The color will be a light brown, and the steel will be as deep as desired by applying three or four coats of the mixture, letting each dry perfectly. When all are dry, wash with clean water, and brush off with a flannel dipped in boiled linseed oil.

NELLIE ROWELL (Bristol) writes: "How long should a young lady be acquainted with a gentleman before she consents to exchange places with him? Are polonaises or quadrilles to be most fashionable this winter? What are the newest colors in dress-goods? Is the saying 'you'll be a man before your mother' from a quotation? I have heard it said. If so, please tell me when and how it originated?—The length of time necessary for a lady and gentleman to be acquainted before they exchange pictures must depend entirely upon the gentleman's character, antecedents, intimacy with the lady's family, etc. Consult some elderly lady friend, if you desire to know how to act in a particular case. Polonaises are the leading garment for ladies' fall and winter costumes. The newest colors are *four* and *five* shades of *chocolate*, *decal*—a very dark brown, *Stimble*—dark crimson, and *Girouille*—flame color. Bronze will be the fashionable cloth shades. The new shades of *chocolate* are all very dark, are still 'the style.' The saying of which you make mention is from a quotation. The line 'Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother' occurs in a play written by Shakespeare about 1600; and Cooper uses the words 'But strive still to be a man before your mother.'"

D. W. D. (Baltimore) writes: "I have a few questions to ask which will require great obligations to you if you will answer. I am calling on a young lady who is three years my senior, (my age is seventeen) about an average, because a young man of my age does not care for a girl of my age. I do not care for three weeks, would like to ask if you think I am doing wrong by calling on her. She seems to like my company as well as I do. I was three years her senior. I expect you have some company me to some parties this winter. Do you think I would be asking too much of her to take me through the dance? I do not know how to dance, but am very anxious to learn. Do you think I would do wrong to ask her for company?—Do not deceive yourself in regard to the young lady. If you are seventeen and she twenty, she probably regards you as a mere youth and treats you in a friendly and familiar manner because she likes you, and she will be a convenient acquaintance for a time, but you nor her acquaintances in general will be so absurd as to mistake you for a lover. Ladies are always, even more than in years, older than young men, and your request to be permitted to keep company with her would probably be met with a refusal. Moreover, we think a boy of seventeen far too young to be the intimate friend of a girl of twenty. We would advise you to refrain, if possible, the friendship of all worthy young lady acquaintances, but not to think of a girl of twenty as a friend. If you are two or three years older—Square dances are easily learned by an intelligent observer, and it might do to ask the lady if she could have the kindness to teach you. If you are her partner, through an occasional dance; but be careful not to impose upon her good nature. The better way to learn is to find a dancing school, where young men friends who will volunteer to instruct you, is to attend dancing-school for a quarter or two.

Wm. G. and Bauer, W. writes: "What do you think of girls choosing a profession? Please be so kind as to give us a list of the most suitable professions or trades for ladies. Would you advise a girl to become a telegraph operator or book-keeper? Would it be proper for two well-educated young ladies, each following a respectable profession, to live together in New York or any other large city? We think every sensible girl should make herself thoroughly conversant with some trade, profession or art. It would be almost impossible to give a complete list of the many branches of industry in which ladies may engage, they are so many and varied. Ladies fill positions as book-keepers, cashiers, clerks, superintendents of departments, private secretaries, foreign correspondents (for firms having transactions largely with other nations than speak or write our language), telegraph operators, teachers of all manner of solid branches and accomplishments, professors, doctors, dentists, photographers, florists, merchants, chemists, scientists, authors, copyists, engravers, type-setters, etc. Ornamental gardening and farming is a pleasant occupation for women in villages and large towns. There are hundreds of trades that women can learn. And in the field of art many lucrative ways of earning a living are open to women—decorative and subject-painting, painting in oils and water-colors, engraving, designing, book-binding, photography, etc. It is well to be guided in a choice of trade by your strength, physical tendencies, and above all by your strongest preferences and knowledge of your own abilities. Whatever you do, do well—patiently, perseveringly, honestly, and you will be rewarded with success. It would be perfectly proper for two young ladies, following some trade or profession, to board or keep house together in any city. A pleasant and economical way of living, whereby you can be as exclusive as you choose, is to hire a furnished room, or two, of a respectable family, and adopt the European plan.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



## POEM.

Written for the annual banquet of the Phoenix Society of Lawrence University.

BY E. B. E. REKFOR.

When brothers leave the old hearthstone,  
And go, each one, a separate way,  
We think, as we go on alone,  
Along our pathways, day by day,  
Of old scenes and faces dear,  
Of voices that we miss no more,  
And memory brings the absent near  
Until we almost feel the touch  
Of loving hands, and hear, once more,  
The dear old voices ring in our ears  
As in those happy times of yore,  
Life had caught one shade of doubt.

If you should place against your ear  
The shell you plundered from the sea,  
Down in its hidden heart you hear  
A low and tender melody,  
A murmur of the restless tide,  
A yearning, born of memory;  
And though its yearnings be denied,  
The shell keeps singing of the sea.  
And so, when olden memories throng,  
Like ghosts, the chambers of the soul,  
We feel the yearning, deep and strong,  
A longing we can not control.  
To lay our cares and business by,  
And seek the old familiar ways,  
And by home's genial hearth sit down  
With comrades of our earlier days.

For, though our paths are sundered wide,  
We feel that we are somewhere yet,  
And by and by we turn aside  
From hurrying care and worldly fret,  
And each one wanders back to meet  
His brothers by the hearth of home.  
I think the meeting is more sweet,  
Because so far and wide we roam.  
We cross the lengthening bridge of years,  
Meet outstretched hands and faces true;  
The silent eloquence of tears  
Speaks welcome that no words could do!

Those who have not yet left the hearth  
Where Phoenix fires keep steady blaze,  
Have spread a festive table to-night,  
Beneath their warm and twinkling rays,  
And they have called their brothers back  
To sit with them an hour or two.  
No welcome shall the wanderers lack!  
Clasp hands, as we were wont to do!  
The fire of friendship in each heart  
Is that from which the Phoenix springs,  
And in the ties of brotherhood  
We give our heartfelt welcomings.

Come round the festive board to-night,  
Fair beauty smiles upon us here,  
And eyes, filled with bewitching light,  
Have brought their radiant sunshine near.  
A happy time for you and me,  
We dread no frown from reverend brow,  
No lectures from "the powers that be,"  
Nor worship at a distance now.  
A toast for beauty and merriment,  
For radiant eyes and rosy lips,  
And faces brimming with delight,  
And cheeks that glow like sunset lips,  
The blushes in the roses heart  
And pink flush of anemones.

If cheeks were flowers, how fine an art  
To gather sweet, like honey bees,  
I fancy that the story old  
About the "busy, busy bee,"  
Of many a comrade may be told  
With truth as well as poetry!

Let genial mirth and wit go round  
With merriment and merriment;  
In wine of care-free gladness drown  
All thoughts that vex. Oh, take and quaff  
Full draughts of friendship's Lotos wine,  
That, drinking you may quite forget  
The pain which stirs your heart and mine  
With longing and with vain regret.  
Regret for golden hours mispent,  
And longings for the great To Be,  
Toward which so many hopes are sent  
Like ships that sail away to sea.

But ah, we can not quite forget!  
A memory steals across the soul  
Of hands that ours have sometimes met,  
Close-fused under churchyard mold,  
Of eyes that smiled into our own,  
Closed in the dreamless sleep of God.  
A sweeter rest, like memories in  
Than theirs, beneath the grave's white sod.  
A tender thought for them to-night,  
A tribute-tear, like honey bees,  
Beneath their coverings of white  
Sweet may their dreamless slumber be!

Far off the future seems; and yet  
To-day its doors swing open wide  
Before us, and we enter in  
To venture on the path untrod,  
With fear it may be; faltering feet  
Are many in the path of life,  
But courage can not know defeat,  
And strong hearts conquer in the strife.  
I trust we never may forget,  
When paths have led our steps afar,  
That knowledge is our compass yet,  
And truth our guiding polar star.  
So write in every heart to-night,  
In letters that no time can blur,  
The legend of our brotherhood,  
The motto of "Euxine immur."

Be steadfast in the ways of right;  
Be earnest in the war with sin;  
Strike hands while friendship's mellow chimes  
Are ringing old memories in;  
And pledge a brother's vows with me,  
In friendship's warm and tender ties,  
True to each other and to God,  
Where'er in life our mission lies.

## Great Adventurers.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI,  
The Navigator Whose Name We Bear.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

FATE sometimes makes strange awards. That a continent discovered by Columbus should have been named after a man who had never seen the New World until after Columbus had made a report of his explorations of the mainland and the Orinoco river mouths, in his third voyage, is not to the credit of Fate, nor complimentary to the three young German priests by whose efforts the name was bestowed. But, however unjust to Columbus and unmerited the honor to the later voyager, the world accepted the Germans' suggestion, and almost before the great first discoverer died his realm was recognized as America, or Amerigo.

Amerigo Vespucci, born at Florence, March 9th, 1451, was, like Columbus, well educated in the sciences of natural philosophy, astronomy and geography as most useful to maritime success. Italy was then prospering by its trade with all known nations, and her enterprising navigators were in great favor with other courts—particularly with Spain and Portugal, whose ships were searching out into the unknown seas to the south and west.

In the year 1490 Amerigo proceeded to Spain for purposes of trade, settling in Seville as agent or partner in a commercial house, and in the capacity of merchant and trader became familiar with the great adventurers and explorers whose return from the New World filled all Europe with the fever of gain and conquest. He did not, however, venture with other adventurous spirits until in 1499, when the reports of Columbus' discovery of the mainland at Trinidad and his singular predictions that the Orinoco river came down from the true Paradise to empty in the Gulf of Pearls (Paria) impelled Amerigo to venture out with Ojeda, who had accompanied Columbus in his first voyage. Familiar as the Florentine was with the science of navigation and astronomy and conversant with the charts of all the voyages, he was made pilot of Ojeda's expedition and as such fully participated in that most interesting exploration of the coast of the continent, from a point about 600 miles below the Orinoco up to Cape de la Veda. These adventures landed at many points to traffic with the natives,

and after sixteen months returned to Spain with considerable stores of plunder but no substantial fruits of conquest.

Amerigo, now fully inflamed with the spirit of adventure, so interested Emanuel, King of Portugal, in the scheme of discovery and possession of this new land of marvelous fertility, genial climate, vast rivers, precious woods and rich promise of gold, that the Portuguese king zealously embraced the Florentine's views, hoping to advance the already magnificent maritime prosperity of the kingdom. He fitted out three fine ships, giving Amerigo their conduct. This fleet sailed in May, 1501, and in August struck the coast near what is now Cape St. Roque (Brazil). From thence he sailed down, examining and adventuring ashore as he went, and meeting with numerous adventures. In fighting the Indians and carrying off their most precious possessions, at one landing filling his vessels with their women as "slaves" or, at another time, finding the nation peacefully inclined, in traffic for their food, products and ornaments, he passed all the winter, and in April found himself as far south as latitude 50°—greatly beyond any point then reached by any explorer. There he paused. His men were frightened by the rugged coast, the shortness of the days, the exceeding cold and the tempestuous seas. A few miles further and he would have struck the straits which lead to the western side of the continent; but the discovery and passage of those turbulent waters was left to Magellan, who, in the search ordered by Ferdinand, King of Spain, for a west route to the Malacca Islands, ran down the coast over the course pursued by Vespucci, not pausing at George Island—the end of the Portuguese search—navigated the straits (Oct., 1520) and thus defined the southern limits of the great Western world. From George Island the Portuguese fleet returned home—reaching Lisbon in June, 1502.

The results of this voyage were such as to induce a repetition the next year of the explorations, with a special view of opening a passage to Malacca, with which Portugal then had a most valuable commerce by way of the Cape of Good Hope—which Bartholomew Diaz had discovered in 1486, but which was not opened to commerce until the great Vasco de Gama doubled it in November, 1497.

This second expedition Amerigo conducted, but it resulted only in more fully examining the coast, in surveying All Saints' Bay, etc., and in obtaining such knowledge of the country as would expedite colonization and commerce.

The ill-success of the former voyage, in pursuing the search to the south, induced Amerigo to turn northward in the quest for the passage to the East Indies. He cruised certainly as far up the coast as Florida—some authorities say, as far as Chesapeake Bay, but of this no reliable record exists. He apparently merely sailed north, and convinced that no passage existed, turned homeward to so report.

His European reputation as a discoverer was first made upon his report of his second voyage, made in a letter to the great Lorenzo de Medici, then reigning Duke of Florence. This highly-colored but deeply interesting account of the strange lands seen and the perils passed by his countryman, Lorenzo caused to be printed at Augsburg, in 1504. Being the first printed account of the discovery and exploration of the main land for nearly three thousand miles, it excited remarkable attention and interest. It was reprinted at Strasburg (1505), with comments by its editor, Mathias Ringmann, who, by his notes, indicated clearly that it was a continent, or "new southern region," which Amerigo had visited. As, up to that time, it was believed that all the lands found by Columbus and others were but the extremities of the northern continent of Asia, this claim put forth by Ringmann of a southern region, placed the discoveries in a highly interesting light before all Europe, making Vespucci the hero of a new world.

This was followed, in 1507, by the publication, at the little college of the Duke of Lorraine, at St. Die (near Strasburg), of a pamphlet of only four leaves, containing the account of four voyages by Amerigo Vespucci, which the secretary of the college—once Walter Lud—said had been given in a letter to the duke, written in French. Lud translated it into Latin and printed it. This account was adopted by Martin Waldseemüller, in his "Cosmographie Introductio" (1507), which was also printed on the St. Die college press; and commenting on the letter and the inferences drawn regarding the new world therein declared, the German editor said:

"And the fourth part of the world having been discovered by Amerigo may well be called Amerigo, which is as much as to say, the land of Amerigo or America."

And again:

"But now these parts are more extensively explored, and, as will be seen by the following letters, another fourth has been discovered by Amerigo Vespucci, which I see no reason why any one should forbid to be named Amerigo, which is as much as to say the land of Amerigo or America, from its discoverer, Amerigo, who is a man of shrewd intellect; for Europe and Asia have both of them a feminine form of name from the names of women."

And thus it came that the then merely assumed continent was talked of and written about by Germans and Italians as "America," and soon after the name was adopted in England. Spain called her possessions simply "Hispaniola," "New Spain," and the "West Indies," and was not concerned in the honors and rights of Columbus; she cared, indeed, so little for these, that even while the Germans were bestowing mother's name on the western world, the man who gave to Spain her richest realms was dying in neglect and of a broken heart, at Valladolid (1506).

The letter to the Duke of Lorraine professed to be the record of four voyages, but it is established beyond a doubt that he made only three, as we have stated. After his return from the last expedition (1504), Amerigo left the employ of the King of Portugal and entered that of Ferdinand, but made no more voyages. He resided at Seville, and in 1508 was made "chief pilot" of the Spanish marine, for which his qualifications were admirable. His work was to prepare charts and indicate routes for vessels and fleets bound for any portion of the new world. No man of his day had more closely studied the logs of voyages and notes of explorations, and no one did more to perfect the maps of the period than he. In this office he remained until his death, which occurred at Seville, in the year 1512—he then being sixty-one years of age.

Spain, as usual with her benefactors, paid but small honors to him living, but buried him with pomp and circumstance. Emanuel did him more honor, for he caused the vessel Victoria, in which Amerigo had made his last voyage, to be hung up in the great cathedral in Lisbon; and Florence, his native city, conferred honors and marks of distinction upon his family.

A man can do without his own approbation in such society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when he lives alone.

## Brave Barbara:

## FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

## A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,  
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC.

## CHAPTER XV.

## PLAYING A DOUBLE PART.

WHEN the Countess of Dunleath returned from London she detected a great change in shy, obedient little Lady Alice; a change which alarmed her, and aroused suspicion that all had not gone well in her absence. She felt about with cautious questions, but Alice avoided them all; so did her nephew, Lord Ross, and the servants. From none of them did her ladyship learn the truth, that Lady Alice—who had been so carefully guarded from the sight—had, in her absence, beheld the earl in one of his worst attacks, combining a maniac fit of temper with a fearful convulsion of epilepsy.

Jackson, knowing well he would lose his place if his imprudence were discovered, did all he could to hide it. Lord Ross did not care to dwell on the state of his daughter's feelings to the proud countess. Delorme had reasons for thinking it prudent to say nothing of the scene in the library.

His aunt was given to understand that the wound in his arm came from carelessness in handling his rifle while out shooting. The fever and pain was not great, his blood was good, and Jackson had dressed the injury so that no surgeon had to be called, and thus all unpleasant surmises were checked.

Two other scenes of some excitement had followed on, within the stately castle walls, shortly after the singular one in the library. As soon as Herbert had sufficiently recovered from the state into which his jealous fury had thrown him, his cousin had insisted on an interview with him. It was in vain that the earl refused it, or that he arose, pale and shaking, and ordered Delorme out of his apartment when the latter insisted on a personal explanation. With great dignity, and the power which comes from superior self-command, Delorme refused to retire, and then there had a long talk with his unhappy cousin, before the end of which he had succeeded, by the simple charm of truth and honesty, in convincing Herbert that he was and always had been his friend—that he did not want the earldom, and least of all that he did not covet the hand and heart of Lady Alice Ross.

"After that unfortunate affair which darkened my early youth, cousin Herbert, I never cared for women. I was a wanderer on the face of the earth, until a few months ago, in the United States, I met a young lady who revived my withered heart as dew revives a flower. We were betrothed, and soon to be wedded, but she heard of my first marriage, and dismissed me, with scorn and contumely, without listening to any explanation. I returned to England to complete arrangements for the care and education of my child, to see you all once more, get my affairs, long neglected, into better shape, and again to become a wanderer, no one knows where or whither. Lady Alice is a sweet little girl—a pure, gentle, lovely little lady—but I would not marry her, if she were made of one solid diamond. I am the last man in the world for you to be jealous of."

"I exonerate you, cousin," returned Herbert, still wretched and discontented, "but not Lady Alice. She loves you as much as she detests me."

"I have not discovered it, Herbert. You torment yourself unnecessarily."

"And now that she has seen me at my worst," burst out the earl, bitterly, "she will loathe me."

"I am glad that she saw you at your worst," answered Delorme, gravely. "Herbert, do you, can you and your mother, think it right to deceive the young lady with regard to your peculiar affliction? I tell you, plainly, to me it seems an execrable piece of deception, and I am glad you are thwarted in it."

"Plain talk, cousin! I dare say you expect me to like it! I swear, I am tempted yet to infer that you desire to prevent my marrying at all."

"No—not I should love to see you happily married. But the woman who joins her life with yours has a right to know who she marries and what he is, beforehand. It would be better for your own peace, your prospects of happiness, if she still loved and clung to you after knowing all."

"Mother does not think so. My mother is wise, and she says, 'when Lady Alice is your wife she will see things as a wife should—she will love you so dearly that she will be only the more devoted on account of your sufferings.'"

"I should be afraid of it. At all events you have now betrayed yourself, through your own indiscretion, and I rejoice at it. If Lady Alice is still willing to marry you it is her own affair, and you ought to be a very happy fellow, cousin Herbert."

But the earl, in his secret soul, felt that the girl he had threatened and accused, and before whom he had flattered and to the floor in a fit, never would be willing to marry him.

The other scene was between Lord Ross and his daughter. As soon as Lady Alice had recovered from the shock of the fright and surprise in the library, she went to her father.

Too timid, too dutiful—a creature all love, obedience and sensibility—for once she was wrought up to the height of standing on her own individual rights. The tyrant scarcely recognized his own child in the pale girl, with the flashing eyes and the little figure drawn up like an arrow, who came to tell him, in deliberate words, that he might order her, be angry with her, beat her, starve her, kill her, but she never would marry the epileptic Earl of Dunleath.

"You have shamefully deceived me, father. I might forgive the countess, for he is her son; but I can not forgive you, for I am your daughter! It is the most outrageous thing the world ever heard of—this attempt of yours to sell your own flesh and blood to this half-maniac bidder!"

To hear such language from lips ever before sweetly dutiful astonished, angered, and stupefied Lord Ross. But he quickly rallied; and then there he applied mental thumb-screws to his delicate child. He appealed to her affection for him—would she see him disgraced, bankrupt, starving, in prison—her own father! Would she see the family pride dragged in the dust? Would she count her own silly fancies before the welfare of her parent, the salvation of the house of Ross?

If she were so unfeeling, so hard-hearted, so coldly selfish, then all he could do would be to exert his full authority as her father and compel her to do right. What was there about the Earl of Dunleath that she should dare address such words to her own parent? It is true that he was afflicted with an unhappy nervous disorder,

but the attacks were brief, were not frequent, were scarcely to be taken into consideration, and when they were not upon him where would she find the equal of Herbert, Earl of Dunleath?—handsome, bright, the owner of castles and domains in a dozen counties—free-handed, generous, who would give his wife the allowance of a queen.

Then, working himself up into overbearing anger, he laid down the law, and swore, with a wicked oath, that Alice should do as he ordered her—made fearful threats of the consequences of disobedience; and sent her from him, crushed and quivering, her lofty bearing sunk in humiliation; but, deep down in the womanly soul was the resolution as firm as ever, that, come what would, she would never marry the earl.

"Never!" she whispered inly, but she dared not repeat it aloud.

So, when the countess returned, she met the white ghost of the blooming girl she left when she went away. Little Alice received her kiss, but she did not return it; nor did a single smile meet the firm line of her closed lips when her mother-elect displayed before her the laces, the silks, the jewels provided in lavish profusion for the coming bridal. But she would give no explanation; when the countess urged her, she merely answered that she was far from well.

Thus affairs went on for a few days, the lady of the castle perplexed and uneasy, Lord Ross unusually suave and agreeable, Delorme quiet and observing, Herbert affecting a gayety which he did not feel.

The first time he saw Alice alone after the drama in the library, he went down on his knees to her, begged her pardon, said he was mistaken about Delorme caring for her, but that his wild, passionate love for her made him jealous and unreasonable. "Say that you forgive me," he entreated.

"I do forgive you," she answered him, coldly—adding, under her breath; "but if you had harmed your cousin seriously I never should have forgiven you."

"Then, if you have forgiven me, will you kiss me, little Alice?"

"No. I will never kiss you until the day we are married."

"Can I wait six weeks, cruel one?"

She smiled. It was some relief to see her smile; but the smile was an ambiguous one—it curled about her pink, tremulous lips more like a curve of scorn than tenderness.

"Six weeks will not be long in flying by," she said, archly.

Lady Alice, the simplest, most innocent of child-women, was learning to dissimulate. The tyranny of others drove her into it.

That night there was hanging about the castle grounds a woman who dared not set her foot on them by daylight. She came from the little old-fashioned inn down in the village of Dunleath, which lay on the edge of an inlet from the sea. She had arrived there a day or two before and taken lodgings for some weeks. She was very plainly dressed in rusty black clothes, as if she were the widow of some poor shop-keeper; but her manners were superior to her dress, and she seemed to have ready money to pay for everything, and therefore the inn-keeper was polite to her.

He supposed her to be in her room that evening when she was prowling in the vicinity of the castle; she had left her apartment by a window opening on the piazza, stolen around to the other side of the street, and made off, without attracting observation.

With the portress at the castle gate she seemed to have acquaintance, for she stopped at the lodge, had a chat with her, and was admitted to the grounds. Gold is a magic key which unlocks many doors, and it had been applied here.

The intruder advanced cautiously. She was not afraid of dogs, for the portress had assured her that these guardian brutes were never unloosed until the family retired for the night, at eleven or twelve o'clock. It was now not quite eight. A young slip of a moon was stealing down the sky, between the arches of the trees. She did not follow the carriage-drive nor any of the walks, but kept along in the deep shadows of the park, until she came out on the lawn not far from the great mass of buildings which towered up among its terraces and gardens, and was called the Castle.

It would seem as if she had been here before, for she made her way through the almost leafless rose-garden, and hovering behind clumps of foliage, or gliding from tree to tree, came finally to a spot where, sheltered by a trellis covered with honeysuckle—some of whose creepers were yet breathing a voluptuous sweetness—she could look directly in at the dining-room windows, which were French, and came to the floor. Dinner was not quite over. There were two ladies and four gentlemen at table; a servant was passing *milieu feuille* and *sorbets*. The woman parted the vines before her eyes and looked eagerly upon the group.

"He is there. I must see him! I must make him listen to me—for his sake. Yes, for once Vivian Courtenay will do a generous deed—must linger in the grounds and watch for him to come out; for, should I send him a message, he will scorn it and avoid me. I must take him by surprise, or I cannot gain his ear. Yet I wish to speak only of her—to persuade him to attempt a reconciliation."

"That is a very pretty young creature beside the countess. I wonder who she is. And the earl is looking well, for him. Lord Ross, the wicked old gambler and rascal, is as well-preserved as ever. He and I are pretty well acquainted, though I dare say he would deny it. Ah, yes! the charming young lady is his daughter! I see. Trying to patch up his worn-out fortunes with a piece from the Dunleath acres—selling his pretty daughter to the sickly earl—*Mon Dieu*, I pity her!"

As her observations ran on thus a ray of light from the plentiful wax candles in the quaint, artistic old silver candelabra, of the days of Benvenuto Cellini, fell on her own careworn, haggard, painted, once handsome face.

She shrunk back a little, but continued to look.

Presently the ladies arose and left the room. After taking a single glass from the bottle the butler placed before him, the one she had taken such trouble to see, Delorme Dunleath, arose and followed them. The earl and his guest, Lord Ross, remained, chatting and sipping their amontillado. The intruder now moved away, and gliding among larches and laburnums, came around to the terrace, which lay beneath the drawing-rooms. While hesitating whether to venture on the open terrace, so as to spy in at the windows, one of these, before which the curtains had not yet been drawn, was opened, and Delorme, with the young lady on his arm, stepped through.

They passed along, so close to the unseen watcher, that she could almost hear their breathing, but she stooped behind a group of shrubs and was not detected. A fierce thrill of jealous anger darted through Vivian Courtenay's frame as she noted the clinging manner with which the slender girl leaned on her companion's arm.

It was the old pain over again, and with it a new pang, for it seemed to her now that she felt more jealous for Barbara Rensselaer than for herself. Was this noble daughter of a lord making love to Delorme Dunleath, or being made love to by him?

Their air was extremely confidential, to say the least. The curving silver flame of the crescent moon was touching the horizon; but it still gave too much light. The pair went down the broad stone steps of the terrace, walking, almost hurriedly, in the direction of a summer-house in the gardens. The intruder was determined to hear what they had to say to each other. The girl's face was too fair, her voice too sweet, her manner too confiding, to please her. She darted from shrub to shrub, and skirting a thicket of evergreens, came out in the rear of the latticed summer-house.

She stole up very close, sheltered by the vines which trailed over it, and bent an eager, throbbing ear to listen, and a glittering eye to observe.

The young couple had not seated themselves. They were standing in the dim place, and her hands were in his, and her face lit passionately, with trembling lips and eyelashes.

"We must stay out but a moment," she was saying. "The countess would be displeased, and the earl would be dreadful the next time I saw him alone. He is perfectly mad with jealousy. I am often afraid of him."

"Poor little Lady Alice, I am sorry for you," murmured Delorme.

"He still expects that I will marry him. But I never shall. You know that, do you not? I have told you—assured you—sworn to you."

"The most politic way, at present, so far as I can see, is to conceal the understanding which exists between you and me; let them believe that you are submissive—that you will marry my cousin on Christmas day. Meantime I will invent some way to get you from them. I will take you away from here when the night-time comes."

"Ah! and then? What will you do with me?"

"I will take you with me. We will fly from England. There are places enough in the world where you can be safe, my trembling little dove."

"I should feel safe with you anywhere."

"Let everything be as it is. I must go to town in a day or two. It is likely I shall not return until I come to the wedding. But I shall never allow you to marry the earl. Rest in peace on my assurance. I cannot leave the country until I have completed arrangements to be gone some time. Hence my inability to take you with me now. But I will have everything in readiness. I may not speak the word until the very day set for this unholy marriage. When I do speak it, will you be ready to obey?"

"Ready! I shall not live until then. Oh, that the days were already past. But we must go in. Those terrible eyes will read my very thoughts. I shrink from meeting him, after our talk. I shall think he has contrived to overhear it."

"Be brave, sweet Alice, and all will end well. Trust in me."

"He lifted her hands to his lips."

"Oh," she murmured, as they passed out of the summer-house; "it seems so wrong to be playing this double part; but I am forced into it."

"Yes, and under the circumstances, it is no untruth, my pure-hearted Alice. The very angels cannot blame you."

"Nor you? Alas, your good opinion is worth more to me, I fear, than that of the angels"—and then the eavesdropper heard no more, for the pair were hastening toward the terrace, and the glimmer of Lady Alice's white dress enabled her to trace them far on their way to the house.

"Lo! the wind lies in that direction! So soon!" muttered Vivian Courtenay. "We are quits now, my proud and lofty master! Your airs of superiority can no longer affect me. Since you failed to win the millionaire's daughter across the Atlantic, you will at least wed a lord's daughter here! You will plot against your own cousin! Cheat him out of his promised bride! You will stoop to an elopement and a secret marriage, after all! Well, 'we are never too old to learn,' and I have just learned that one of your titles, of which you are justly the owner, is hypocrite—most noble hypocrite!"

In a few moments she had reached the lodge again and passed out. She had no motive, just then, for seeking an interview with Delorme Dunleath. Instead, she went back to her room at the inn, and wrote the second letter to Miss Rensselaer, which, we know, the young lady received.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## DRIFTING INTO A STRANGE PORT.

ARTHUR GRANBURY'S wonderful life-preserving suit was a great success. It enabled him to float, to stand in the water, to lie on his back; to rest himself, in short, by many changes of position; and also left him a surplus of strength which he could use for his companion's benefit. First with one hand, then with the other, he assisted in supporting the stool to which Miss Rensselaer was lashed—the chair itself having an air-tight compartment which rendered it buoyant, and she being further upheld by her own life-preserver.

But the night-air of the first of December was chilly, though the water no longer froze their limbs. Brave by nature, Barbara made an heroic effort to obey her friend and rally her failing vitality. Oh, how heavenly sweet was her pale face, as she faintly smiled in answer to his anxious questions. But he saw that she did fail—slowly, surely, minute by minute—even when she comforted him by that brave smile, which the silver lamp of the full moon revealed to him.

In half an hour she was no longer able to respond to his inquiries by words, or even by that courageous smile.

Her white face floated just above the moonlit water like some pure water-lily; her eyes were closed, her breath seemed gone.

Again Granbury resorted to the brandy-flask.

At first he had to force it between her lips; after the first few drops had found their way down her throat she had revived enough to obey him and swallow a few spoonfuls of the life-prolonging elixir. He was himself so exhausted by this time that he was glad to place the flask to his own lips.

Then he carefully drew a small oil-skin bag from another pocket of his ingeniously contrived suit, and took from it a small portion of desiccated beef, which he begged Barbara to try and eat, for it would give her real strength. She obeyed him; he placing small pieces in her mouth, as if she was the veriest infant, and she, with difficulty, masticating them. When she had eaten all she could or would, he took quite a large piece himself; for he knew the importance of keeping up his strength for her sake even more than his own.

The food and liquor so revived them that,



for perhaps another half-hour, they were enabled to converse a little and almost to hope.

"Miss Rensselaer," said Arthur, as the moon beamed solemnly down on their two wan faces, "in all probability neither of us will live to see the sun rise again. I thought that I loved you, when I spoke to you, on deck, just before the fire broke out. If I loved you then, imagine my feelings now! It seems as if we two had lived alone together a hundred years. Should I live—which I scarce hope for—no other woman could ever be so dear to me—could live so close to my soul. Oh, if we do escape the dreadful waves, surely Fate, itself, has chosen us two out to pass the remainder of our lives together."

He did not say this all at one time, in even tones, but gasped it out as he had strength; and Barbara, feeling death at her heart, thought it scarcely worth while, then and there, to explain her peculiar circumstances to him.

She would not deny him the poor comfort of uttering his thoughts at such a time. But she scarcely heard him. Her own thoughts were at home, amid the flowers and trees of Bellevue, and papa was there in the quaint old library, and Delorme walked by her side up and down the long porch—the music of his voice was in her ear—low, dreamy—oh, what was he saying that she could not hear? How low he spoke—and the noise of the fountains got into her ears and would not let her hear him. Dreams—dreams—dreams! where was she?—oh, yes, walking with Delorme, and the trees were rustling loudly in the summer wind, and she, curiously enough, was sleepy and tired, and ever falling down while she walked, and being gathered up again in Delorme's arms.

"She is dying!" shrieked Arthur Granbury to the pitiless expanse of sea and sky.

Pitiless? Never say so again, Arthur, but give thanks forever!

What was that? A great, dark object drove between him and the moon.

A sailing-vessel, all sails set, and bearing down toward them.

He gave a feeble shout, which died hoarsely in his throat.

Absurd! The ship was a mile away, and his feeble voice could not be heard twenty feet from where he floated.

The vessel might not come near them—might not see them, in the night, if she did. Who can picture the prolonged agony of the next half-hour? It seemed to Granbury as if his brain was bursting and flying to pieces inside his skull.

He poured more brandy between the lips of the girl, now so nearly unconscious that she made no attempt to swallow; however, a little of it trickled down her throat, and she choked and gasped and recovered her flitting breath.

When the ship had taken fire Barbara had about her shoulders a traveling-shawl, and it was about them now. Arthur disentangled this from about her, and, as the vessel drew near and nearer to them, he spread it out and raised it high above his head, with his weak, benumbed arms, as a signal.

For ten minutes, by a superhuman strain, he managed to keep the signal hoisted. The vessel was very near.

His arms rebelled at last, and the shawl came down.

As it did so, he heard a shout, followed by loud talking, on the vessel. What followed he did not realize; he must have fainted. When he came to himself he was on the deck of the ship. Men were stooping over him. Voices were in his ear. He rolled his eyes about in search of Miss Rensselaer; the captain understood the mute interrogation.

"They have taken her into my cabin and put her into my bed. There is a woman with her and the surgeon."

"Is she alive?" asked Granbury, rising on his elbow.

"I believe so. I think they said she would soon be all right."

Then the poor fellow, who had been so cool, self-possessed and courageous, broke down into a flood of tears.

Kind hands lifted him and conveyed him below, and brought him dry garments.

"I'm sorry we've no better accommodations; 'tis the best we can do," apologized the captain, as they placed him in a sailor's bunk.

"You see, this is but a fishing-vessel, just in from the north, and we're mighty short of comforts, I can tell you."

"Never mind. This is infinitely better than being out there," whispered Granbury. "Where are you bound for?"

"Home, thank my stars!" answered the captain. "We hope to make port within four days."

"Where?" repeated Arthur.

"At a little port on the English coast, south of Liverpool. We're from Labrador, with a cargo of oil, salt-fish and sea-weed, and glad to get in before the weather gets worse."

"That is not bad for us—to reach England in four days," murmured Granbury. "Thank you, captain," and he closed his eyes, exhausted.

In a moment he remembered that it was possible other sufferers, in his case, might be in the vicinity of the burned ship; so he made the officer bend down his ear while he told him in few words the story of his calamity, and asked him to cruise about the spot for the boats which got off, and for any who might yet, peradventure, be floating.

His wishes were obeyed, faithfully, but no boat was found, nor human being either; only burnt fragments of the steamer; so, before daybreak, orders were given for the vessel to continue on her course.

On the afternoon of that day Mr. Granbury was well enough to be up and dressed—in some clothes which the surgeon lent him—and to call on Miss Rensselaer in the captain's small cabin.

He found her in bed, partially sitting up, with her shawl—which the sailor's wife had dried for her—wrapped about her shoulders, her hair a mass of close-curling rings about her head and white neck, her face pale and wan, but full of life and hope. She smiled at him divinely as he entered.

"My dear Barbara—I may call you Barbara," he cried, in a low, rapturous voice, catching at her hand and covering it with kisses. "I am so glad to find you as well as this!"

She drew away her hand with a slight blush. "Yes, Mr. Granbury," she said, in her thrilling voice, "we have reason to be grateful—you to God; and I to you as well as to Him. Had it not been for your heroism I should have been lost to poor papa, and all who love me, last night. I thank you for my life, Mr. Granbury."

"And you will repay me, a million times over, for the little I did for you! I was not entirely unselfish—I said to myself, 'I save this little hand she will bestow it on me!' and he again lifted and kissed the slender member which he claimed."

"Do not talk to me so, now, Mr. Granbury," pleaded Barbara, embarrassed. "I know you are too generous, too high-minded to make any claims on me on the score of gratitude."

"I am, indeed!" he said, bitterly. "If your heart is not inclined toward me, that is enough! You shall hear no more from me—for, the very service I may have rendered you, will close my lips."

He sat silently beside the bed; his countenance betrayed how keen was his pride and disappointment. Barbara's heart was wrung, as she looked at him; tears rushed into her eyes; he saw them, and his face brightened up; then she excused them by saying, hastily:

"My poor aunt Margaret! I am thinking of her all the time. Do you think then, in that boat were safe, Mr. Granbury? Alas! she may be out now, freezing, starving, suffering. I know not what tortures, and her feelings, overwrought in many ways, found relief in a shower of tears."

Mr. Granbury did his best to comfort her, telling her that there were water, provisions and blankets in the boat; that the route was one frequented by ships, and that the shipwrecked people would almost certainly be picked up within twenty-four hours; and when she grew a little calmer at his assurances he went on to tell her how soon he expected they two would be landed safely in England;

to cheer and even amuse her by asking her how she fancied his borrowed plumage, and complaining of the odor of fish on board the vessel, in a comical way, that drew her mind from the more embarrassing view of their situation. He made no more love to her; but went away after an hour, saying that he would spend another hour with her during the evening.

Barbara looked after him admiringly as he left the little cabin. She sighed and then the tears began to fall, large, slow and bitter.

"Was there ever a poor girl in such a tangle as I am?" she complained.

Indeed, for a child of seventeen, she had contrived to get herself into complications not easy to get out of. From the only man she loved she had broken off in a passion of wounded pride; she had engaged to marry another whom she could never even thoroughly respect, much less love; and here she was, rescued and left on the hands of a third, who was making desperate love to her, and whom she could in nowise repay, though he had saved her life, and was a gentleman with a thousand claims to her gratitude and admiration.

Those four days passed on the "Mary Ann" were long days to Barbara—long and strange, both in her spiritual experience and her outward life. The cabin was small, to inconvenience, rudely furnished and dirty, the food was dreadful, but that did not inconvenience her, as she confined her diet to gruel made for her by the surgeon; the sailor's wife who waited upon her was kind, but uncouth and coarse to the verge of savagery. In the midst of such people and such rough surroundings her friend, Arthur Granbury, shone with amazing lustre.

A gem of the first worth, at all times, in any setting, here he was marvelous, by contrast. A dandy in dress, as dainty as a lady in all his tastes, almost ultra fine and fashionable, the "magnificent broker" had so much of the true man under his outside polish that he met his present unpleasant circumstances without flinching.

He ate salt fish without referring to the fact he was accustomed to a finer meat; he wore his ill-fitting borrowed garments with easy grace, and was grateful for them; he won the sailors' hearts, without being familiar with them.

Barbara observed these things, and admired him more and more every day.

"He is one man in one hundred thousand!" she would whisper to herself in a burst of girlish enthusiasm.

It touched her deeply, and increased her gratitude and respect, that Mr. Granbury forbore to make love to her. Not one word of selfish appeal did he speak after that first interview; but his eyes told what was in his heart, and that he adored her every look, motion, word.

In contrast with him, her cousin Herman seemed a very cruel—pitifully mean and selfish.

"How insane I was," she said to herself, over and over again, "to tell him I would marry him. It is true, I must be married by Christmas—Delorme must never think I am pining for him—but, if I had not been rash, I might, at least, have united myself to a man who truly loved me and whom I could honor."

What if I break my word to Herman! What if I tell Mr. Granbury I will accept his suit? Papa would disown me, if I changed again; he would think me a wicked girl! Yet papa likes Mr. Granbury, and is not satisfied with Herman. \* \* \* It would be wrong to marry Mr. Granbury unless I could love him. He is too noble to be imposed upon by a woman who cannot give her whole heart. I did not feel so with Herman. I felt that it would be just what he deserved, to get a wife who despised him and treated him with indifference. But Granbury—ah! that is different. Oh, Delorme, if I could tear you from my heart, as I should do—as I hoped to do—then, perhaps, I could learn to love Arthur Granbury."

Thus her thoughts, conflicting and unsatisfying, ran on; while her manner toward Arthur softened, and she was so humble, so sweetly grateful, so timorous, and pretty and gentle, that his hopes blossomed anew. He said nothing, but he felt that *someday* she would allow him to renew his addresses; while, meantime, he adored her very shadow.

So the long and yet few, the slow and yet brief, days slipped by, until, on the morning of the fifth, the dirty, sea-battered, ill-smelling bark brought up alongside the little dock at the foot of Dunleath village, and the sailors' wives and children ran down to greet the return of the Mary Ann.

Many were the curious glances cast at the lady and gentleman who descended from the barrel-laden dock. Barbara Rensselaer, in her wonderful young beauty, shone out like a star despite her somewhat plain attire, which the sailor's wife had dried and pressed to the best of her ability. No hat at all did the lovely head have to shelter it, as she walked up to the inn on Mr. Granbury's arm; but the rude villagers said among themselves that "none of the castle folk were ever so pretty as those two strange folk as the men had brought in from Labrador!" and when the story of the rescue got abroad, there was almost a mob about the inn, so great was the curiosity to see the rescued ones.

Barbara went immediately to a comfortable room which Granbury bespoke for her; her breakfast was served there, and she invited Arthur to share it with her. He was grateful to her for this condescension, and they had a cheerful meal together.

When it was over, Granbury arose, with a sigh.

"The only train until evening leaves the station four miles from here at eleven. I have ordered a vehicle to take me over to it. You say that you prefer remaining here a day or two until you can hear from your friends. It is, perhaps, wisest. I will hurry to London, give the news there of the fate of the steamer, telegraph to your father of your safety, visit

his banker and obtain money for your needs—my own, and *ditto* for my needs—fill your orders on the *no list*, etc., and return here after you as quickly as possible. No doubt Mr. Rensselaer will hasten over by the first steamer, and in less than a fortnight you will be in your father's arms. I am afraid you will be desolate here. I wish I could do something more for you," and he looked at her wistfully. "Are you sure you have given me all your errands?"

"Quite sure. Do not fail with the bonnet and the traveling-suit. I am such a fright now," and she laughed; but it was to hide the tears which sprang to her eyes at this parting from her only friend on this side of the wide ocean.

Granbury's own voice trembled and his handsome brown eyes were dim as he wrung her hand and left her.

"Do not forget me in my absence," he said, at the door.

Arthur Granbury had not been gone ten minutes from the front of the inn when there came a tap at Barbara's door.

"Thinking it to be the chambermaid, she called out, 'Come in.'"

The next moment she started to her feet, staring at the person who softly glided in and came toward her, as if she were facing down a ghost.

"Do you recognize me, Miss Rensselaer?" asked the lady, quietly, with a melancholy smile. "I am the one you saved from a fearful death—the one person in the world who had the least reason for doing a good action to—I am Vivian Courtenay."

"How came you here, Mrs. Courtenay?"

"How came you here, Miss Rensselaer? I was never more astonished in my life than when I recognized you in the hall. They tell me you were rescued from a burning steamer."

It seems a strange Providence which brought you here. You do not know—with your permission, I will have a talk with you."

"Yes, certainly," he seated, Mrs. Courtenay."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 340.)

## KISSES.

CHILDREN'S KISSES.  
Scattered from among the roses,  
Where a budding wealth reposes,  
Little dimpled lips invite;  
Springing from the heart's deep treasure,  
With a never-failing measure,  
Given with a pure delight.

BOOTH'S KISSES.  
Muffled footsteps softly tripping  
Up behind, and gently slipping  
Round your dear familiar arms;  
Though warm hearts may touch unbidden,  
Where you keep your kisses hidden,  
Shelter them from winds and alarms.

MOTHER'S KISSES.  
Little arches full of sadness,  
Little frowns full of sadness,  
Claim a mother's tender kiss.  
Every little child has its own,  
Finds a solace none can borrow,  
In a mother's soft caress.

FRIENDSHIP'S KISSES.  
A kiss is friendship's kindest token;  
A sympathetic language spoken  
By tender nature for distress;  
'Tis friendship's sweetest mute bestowing,  
'Tis admiration overflowing,  
That loving lips so fondly press.

CUPID'S KISSES.  
Prompted by some wild emotion  
Of the heart, that hidden ocean,  
Throbbing in the human breast;  
It may be Love's incense burning  
On the lips, or Fancy's yearning,  
Like "a bird without a nest."

SILENT KISSES.  
Some strange, sweet chord of kindred feeling,  
Some nameless yearning softly stealing,  
Earth has no dearer tie than this;  
Heart to heart in sacred beating,  
Lips in soulful communion meeting,  
Does heaven afford a purer bliss?

PARTING KISSES.  
The last, and it may be the dearest,  
For hearts in parting seem the nearest,  
Close for the last, and the last never  
But oh, the last that cold lips never  
Give answering touch, the last forever,  
Are sadder than the funeral bell.

Who Was the Hero?

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

A MERRY party from the Mountain Cliff Hotel was scattered in little groups over the rocks, enjoying the loveliest day an August sun ever shone upon.

Bertha St. Simon spread the skirts of her stylish linen walking-costume over the mossy stone which formed her seat, and loosened her hat to enjoy the fresh, sweet wind which lightly stirred her long, brown curls.

"Oh! how lovely it is up here!" she exclaimed. "And, oh, just see that magnificent scarlet flower, growing away up the side of the cliff! Isn't it splendid!" pointing up with her white finger. "I must have that flower! I really must! Who will get it for me?" And she glanced round the circle of gentlemen, for a volunteer.

"A challenge! gentlemen, a challenge!" cried Carrie Powell, gayly. "Bertha, what will you give the victor?"

"The blue ribbon from my hair," responded Bertha, promptly. "Come, Mr. Westbrook, to a tall cavalier at her side, 'I know you are dying for that ribbon! And so am I for the flower!'"

Westbrook shrugged his fine broad shoulders, and his handsome face flushed, but he did not stir. He only said:

"Excuse me, Miss St. Simon. I should be proud to possess the ribbon, but I am not a mountaineer, and the man who scales that cliff does it at the risk of his life. Is it worth risking a human life for a single flower, Miss Bertha?" with a gentle tone and glance at the last words.

Bertha colored angrily, and her bright eyes flashed scorn.

"I didn't know a gentleman ever shrunk from any task a lady put upon him!" she cried. "Come, gentlemen! surely some of you is brave enough to climb the cliff!"

And in her haste Bertha did not pause to consider that it took more moral bravery to answer her as Westbrook had done, than to scale the perilous cliff for the flower.

He turned deadly pale at her sneering words, but said nothing. While the other gentlemen, who knew that he had spoken the truth, remained silent, too, until a small, light-haired, little-limbed youth threw off his coat, and said, proudly:

"I'll get you the flower, Miss Bertha, if you'll give me the ribbon."

"You had better not try, Forsythe!" cried Westbrook. "That cliff is wet, slippery and dangerous!"

"Not for me!" said little Forsythe. "You forget I've lived among these mountains and am well used to climbing them."

"Yes, that is true," said Westbrook. "Go, then, if Miss Bertha insists."

"Miss Bertha does insist!" cried the willful girl. "She is glad to find one man brave enough to risk something for her sake."

Westbrook stopped, and looked in the face so lovely to him with a glance which made her quail in spite of herself.

"I would risk my life, and you know it," he said, sternly. "If you, or any one else, needed it. But I value it too much to throw it away for an idle whim!"

Pale as death, he walked away and left her; and, as Bertha began to see her folly, she regretted that she had let even that little dandy, Forsythe, go on a perilous errand for something for which she did not really care.

But when, half an hour later, he returned, bearing in triumph the cluster of scarlet flowers, her clation came back, and her anger rose against poor Westbrook, whom she mentally called a coward.

She gayly unwound the blue ribbon from her curls, and bestowed it upon Forsythe, who was proud and delighted at being thus honored. And she wore the scarlet flowers fastened upon her bosom, which delighted the little dandy still more.

Bertha would never notice him before, but now she allowed him to monopolize her for the entire day, and when, just before they returned home, Westbrook asked her to dance with him, she laughingly answered that she did not care to dance with a coward!

He turned to her with a look she never forgot, and said, silently:

"Bertha St. Simon! you shall rue that word if we live! You know I am not a coward! And you know, for I tell you now, that I have loved you as few men ever love a woman! But you don't deserve it, and if I can, I will tear your image from my heart forever! Go, now! And I hope you may never repeat this day's folly!"

He strode haughtily away, and Bertha knew that the height of her "folly," as he called it, was reached now, and she felt her heart grow cold in her bosom, for she did care for Westbrook, and in her soul she knew that there was more true manhood in his little finger than there was in Forsythe's whole body.

But she appeared to be the gayest of the gay, and gave not a sign to her companion revellers of the repentance which had already overtaken her.

She saw Westbrook several times through the evening, and made up her mind to apologize to him if he came near her. But he did not come. And she went up to her room at a late hour, without having exchanged one word with him.

Long past midnight the affrighted dwellers in the hotel were startled from their beds by the cry of fire. A large boarding-house close by was in flames, and their own danger was imminent. Everybody was soon dressed and out, Bertha among the crowd.

It was supposed no one was in the building, but just as Bertha joined the throng, a figure appeared at one of the upper windows, and a cry of terror went up. The figure was recognized as that of a young nurse-girl, a bright, attractive child, the daughter of the assistant housekeeper of the boarding-house.

In frantic terror the distracted mother rushed out here and there, beseeching some one for God's sake to save her child! But even the stout firemen shrunk back from the fiery ordeal, and dared not venture.

A ladder was brought and placed against the building, but who could be found to climb it?

"Oh, Mr. Forsythe, go! go! you are brave! Oh, try! try! save that poor girl!" wept Bertha, wringing her hands in strong excitement.

But the little dandy shivered and drew back. "No! no!" he cried. "I can't do that, Miss Bertha! I can climb rocks, but I can't go there! Nobody can!"

"Somebody is going!" cried a bystander.

And Bertha turned to see as she saw Max Westbrook, a wet handkerchief bound over his mouth, and another round his forehead, climbing straight into that seething abyss of smoke and fire.

She did not scream, faint nor fall. She did not even see, but stood blind and stony as the swaying crowd breathlessly watched his motions, and herself knew nothing, until a mighty cheer burst from the throng, and cries of "Safe! Safe! Both saved!" went up, just as the tottering, burning walls went down with a thunderous crash.

Then light and sense came back to Bertha, and she saw the young girl in her mother's arms, and a scorched, smoke-blackened, freckled figure prostrate upon the grass—whether living or dead she could not know.

To this figure Bertha rushed, down upon her knees, her costly dress trailing on the ground, the poor, bruised head lifted in her arms and laid in her silken lap, while she bent over him with tenderest words.

"Max! Max! Oh, my darling! My true, brave, noble darling! do you know me! Can you speak to me, and forgive me! You are not a coward, you are a hero, Max, and I love you! Oh, water! water! somebody, quick! He may live! Bring water, quick!"

He was not dead, and as kind hands bathed his heated brow and scorched cheeks, he drew his breath and opened his eyes. And as he saw whose lap held his head, he smiled up into Bertha's face, and whispered:

"Am I a coward, Bertha?"

And bending over him with tears and shy caresses, Bertha answered:

"No! no! no! You are a hero, Max! And I do love you! Only live and get well for me!"

Max lived and got well, though his face and neck will carry the marks of that night to his grave. But Bertha, his wife, only loves him the better for those scars, for she remembers how they came there.

Little Volcano,

THE BOY MINER;

OR,

The Pirates of the Placers.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.

BY JOSEPH E. RADGER, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ANOTHER BLOW.

"WAA—I ber-berned!"

There was a peculiar eloquence in this brief and pointed speech, as it dropped in measured accents from the lips of Zimri Coon. A printed column couldn't have said more.

As heretofore stated, Zimri and Sheriff Hayes left the hermit's cave in company, their object being, first to regain the two horses brought from Joaquin's camp, and by their aid to reach Hard Luck before the two fugitive comrades of Sleepy George could give the alarm to their master. Their disappointment may be imagined when they found the animals were missing; as Zimri quaintly observed, "common cussin' couldn't do the subject justice."

"You see the sign," he added, with a snort

of disgust. "Them ain't our huff-prints. While we was palaverin' over yonder, them two pizen imps o' thunder an' guns smelt out our critters."

"The game's up, then, unless we can cut them off through the hills. And I'm in a sweet condition for that work!" grumbled Hayes, rubbing his lame leg.

"What's did cain't scately be helped," philosophically replied Zimri. "Even ef Long Tom slips us now, his time 'll come—sure! But now—'t's jest as you say. I'll try to head 'em off, ef you say so—mebbe I kin git 'em ahead of 'em. You kin go back an' wait fer me, ef you like, or foller the best you kin."

"We'll go together. You couldn't show your nose in Hard Luck without being made cold meat of by the first man you met, and it's partly my fault that this is the case. I don't mean to leave you until we set that all square. Come on—I'll show you what a cripple can do when he tries."

Zimri's tolerable knowledge of the country stood them in good stead, and by choosing the shortest and easiest cuts, they made really rapid progress, delayed though they were by the sheriff's injuries. They pressed on all night, halting for an hour in the morning to roast a rabbit which Zimri knocked over with his revolver, then on again, nearing the town of Hard Luck not long after noon.

"Something's turned up!" muttered Hayes, as he noted an unusual bustle around the Miner's Rest, principally of women and "Johns," with a sprinkling of rough-clad diggers and an Indian or two, to make the medley complete.

The sheriff and his companion were quickly recognized, and the crowd gathered around them; but ere a question could be asked or answered, Mrs. Champion, half-frantic, elbowed her way through and set up a wall, whereupon a dozen or more sympathizing spectators endeavored to reveal the trouble her sobs and tears rendered obscure.

Hayes rode it all as best he could for a few minutes, but then sternly commanded silence. Picking out one of the number, he bade him speak quickly and to the point.

"The young leddy—Miss Mary, you know, boss—she's gone—sobody don't know whar n'r how, no more'n nothin'," came the reply.

"Some evil villain has dragged her away—I know the poor dear will come home all dead and—and murdered!" sobbed Mrs. Champion, hysterically.

"There—I don't believe it is as bad as that. Calm yourself, madam—we will do the best we can, and will restore your niece in a few hours."

Then he bade two of the women look after the hostess of the Miner's Rest, and as she was led away, he called the dozen miners around him, telling them in a few short sentences what had been discovered since his departure.

"Hold!" he cried, sternly, as a wild yell of angry vengeance greeted the intelligence. "Remember that we are white men. No violence until I give the word. We will arrest Long Tom, but he shall have a fair trial—that is unless he has took to his heels already."

"He was runnin' a game, as usual, last night."



seen when the chief was faced from the admiring spectator. A true Indian in his love for strong drink, Superfine willingly followed Zimri, when he learned what was required.

Meanwhile Hayes was busy. He experienced some little difficulty in gaining admission into the "high-toned" *maison d'art* presided over by Mistress Michigan Ann, but once recognized in his official capacity, his work was unexpectedly easy. He found the woman in a maudlin condition—full of bad whisky, disappointed love and jealousy, and quietly proceeded to pump her dry—figuratively speaking. It was not hard to do.

All Hard Luck knew what tie connected Long Tom and Michigan Ann. He had visited her the night before. There had been a furious quarrel. Long Tom ended it by giving her a sound thrashing—as her bruised and discolored face bore plain evidence. Then he swore that all was over between them, adding, with devilish cruelty, that he had found another woman worth ten thousand of her.

But Hayes could learn nothing more from her, if indeed she knew it. That Long Tom had fled the town, he knew before; a clue as to the direction taken, the probable point for which he was heading, was what he wished to learn. But that Michigan Ann could not, or would not, tell him.

Disappointed in a measure, he went downstairs, and calling the household together, questioned them sharply. But there is a peculiar notion of honor among the class he was dealing with, and despite his threats, he could learn nothing.

Rejoining Zimri and Superfine, he re-entered the town, but before he had explained to the chief his wishes, a lean, hangdog-looking fellow accosted him.

"You axed some questions over to the house, yender, boss. You know how 'tis; them gals'd scratch the eyes out o' a feller if he was to squeal on anybody they knowed—"

"Spit it right out, Pimple—what dirty work are you up to now?" sharply demanded Hayes.

"Give me fifty dollars, an' I'll show you Long Tom!"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## A TERRIBLE PERIL.

THE keenest-eyed observer could not have detected anything unusual in the appearance of Long Tom as he entered the Dow Drop Inn, not far from midnight. And yet his ears still tingled with the hasty speech that told him his carefully-cherished plans were all ruined, that naught but instant flight could save him from a disgraceful death. He had been called out by Cock-eyed Waddel and Ham-fat Zack, who told him how they had waylaid Crazy Billy, and of what followed. How they had fled—"from night onto forty men, under Jack Hayes," as Ham-fat seriously affirmed—and succeeded in stealing two horses, nearly killing them in their haste to warn their employer of his danger. Long Tom swallowed this—with a grain of salt, yet swallowed it—and gave the rascals the few hundreds which he had about his person, then hastened to wind up his affairs as thoroughly as the time would admit.

The fugitives had not fled—merely exaggerated a little. As they realized that nobody was chasing them, they paused for breath upon the ridge, glancing back toward their recent ambush. They saw three men gathered around Sleepy George, and recognized one as being Sheriff Hayes. They could tell, too, that the bummer was still alive; this, in such hands, they knew was equivalent to a full confession. Turning to resume their flight, Waddel discovered the two horses in the valley beneath them, and finding no one was guarding them, he declared his intention of confiscating them. This was a dirty move, unsuspected by the owners, and the thieves rode off to where Sleepy George had watched the stolen gold. Securing this, they warned Long Tom of the coming storm, and fled before it themselves; but not far. Two days later there was a hanging-bee in Piddlegown. The squawking doubt concerning his horses had, happily, come to pass; Cock-eyed Waddel and Ham-fat Zack died as horse-thieves.

Long Tom glanced quickly around the bar-room. He saw "The Preacher" sitting at a table, half drunk, though capable of prompt obedience as quick as he caught his master's eye.

"Come," muttered the gambler, as they entered the darkness. "You must brace up, old man, for there's work ahead of us. I'll tell you all when we get to a suitable place; and while we are walking, you just make up your mind to do as I think best, without asking any questions. You've been soaking your brains so long that you are fit for nothing else. Mind—I say you must carry out the part I give you, or the odds are we will both grace the end of a trail-ropo before another sunset."

They reached the house presided over by Michigan Ann, and ordering some liquor sent up to his room, Long Tom briefly related what he had been told.

"Now you see how we stand, Paul," he began, only to be interrupted by the other, whose the startling tidings had partially sobered.

"How you stand—I had nothing to do with it."

"You were along when the boys tried to rub those two devils out; that would be enough to hang you. But even if not—we have rowed in the same boat too long for you to think of setting up for yourself. Don't drive me to do what I have already threatened; that old affair can be easily revived."

"You killed him—I only—" faltered the Preacher.

"Hush! you cursed fool!" hissed the gambler, his eyes glowing. "These walls are like paper. But you know I can do all I say—no matter what the real facts are. We must leave this hole, before day. You must go with me—and one other. You can guess who I mean?"

"Not—not her?" faltered the drunkard, half pleadingly.

"Yes—her. You need make no bones about it. You must induce her to go with you, secretly. Tell her what you will—that a detective has struck your trail—anything you please; only mark this. If you fail me, I will go and tell her everything—mind, everything, and show her the proofs, too; that instead of an unfortunate defaulter, her father assassinated one man, then deliberately swore away the life of an innocent man—sent him to the gallows for the deed you committed!"

"If—if I can coax her, you will promise to—to do the square thing by us?" asked the drunken wretch, cowed by the fierce audacity of the greater and stronger criminal.

"I told you before that I loved her better than my life. I asked her to marry me, but she refused. I didn't much care for that, for I counted on you to talk her over. This will be a good chance. You get her to promise to become my wife, and I will give you every proof I hold concerning that old affair. If you fail—well, I promise you that I will hang you for that job, though I twist a rope for my own neck at the same time!"

There was little more conversation, all bearing upon the same point. The result was just as might have been expected between two such men. The Preacher—Paul Morton—yielded, as he had done too often—and set off at once to meet his daughter, Mary.

Scarcely had he left, when Long Tom found himself face to face with an entirely different sort of antagonist. Suspecting something of the truth, Michigan Ann had listened, from an adjoining room, and overheard all. The interview would not be a pleasant one to record, and the reader is already acquainted with the result.

Long Tom hastily left the house, and uttering a peculiar sound, had the satisfaction of seeing "Pimple" appear with three horses. Slipping a few ounces into the man's hand, Long Tom dismissed him. But Pimple was not so easily satisfied, and dogged the gambler as he made a circuit around the town, hitching the animals near the foot of the "Devil's Chute." Growing impatient, after a few minutes' waiting, Long Tom started toward the town, but met Paul Morton and his daughter hastening toward him. Heaven only knows what lies the wretched drunkard had poured into her ears. She was sobbing painfully, though bravely endeavoring to choke them back, and seemed only anxious to leave the town as quickly as possible. She paid little attention to the gambler. Morton managed to whisper in his ear that she knew him only as "a friend," and that he had better keep shady until they were clear of the town, at least.

They rode up the Chute, still followed by Pimple, who scented money in the air, nor did he leave the trail for one moment, measuring his speed by theirs, until he saw them turn into a small cave, just as the day was dawning, leaving their horses in a little valley just below, where they would be effectually screened from view of any passer-by.

Pimple squatted down under cover and scratched his head. He believed that there was money to be made out of this affair—but how? Why had Long Tom left Hard Luck so secretly? An elopement? That looked like it. Did Michigan Ann know anything about the matter?

"I'll run the risk," he muttered, stealing down the valley. "If it's news to her, she'll pay big for the office."

Pimple quietly collected the animals, led them beyond sound of the cave, then mounting one, he drove the others before him along the narrow trail for several miles, then left them, doing the same with the one he was riding when a couple of miles from town.

Not until they had entered the cave and kindled a fire did Mary Morton recognize Long Tom in the companion of their flight. Her surprise and discomfort cannot be easily measured, and she kept close to her father's side, with a distrust she made no attempt to conceal from the gambler.

His ugly temper deeply ruffled by recent events, Long Tom was quick to note this fear, and it soon awoke the devil in his breast. For a time he did struggle against the temptation, for he really loved—with a fierce, ungoverned passion—Mary, and felt that he could endure almost anything for the sake of hearing her call him her husband. Had it been considered advisable to travel through the night, the terrible scenes which followed might possibly have been averted. But, knowing that Hayes would spare no pains to hunt him down, Long Tom did not care to risk the chances of meeting any one who might afterward point out their trail. For this reason he resolved to travel only by night, at least until at a safe distance from Hard Luck.

Unfortunately for himself, Paul Morton had not forgotten to furnish himself with a goodly-sized flask of whisky, and rendered uncomfortable by the evident anger of Long Tom, he concealed himself by frequent swallows of the liquor, skillfully eluding the eyes of his child, until he sunk into a drunken slumber. As though watching for this moment, Long Tom drew nearer the maiden.

"This is an unpleasant business, Miss Morton," he began. "But two more nights will carry us beyond all danger. I hope; then you will have an easier time of it. We will spare no—"

"Oh, sir!" cried Mary, imploringly. "Father has told me all—that only for your aid he would have been—been arrested. Believe me, I am grateful, but—please leave us to go our way alone. We will remember you—"

"I expect you will—I don't believe there is much danger of your forgetting me very soon," said the gambler, with a disagreeable laugh. "Now—see! Since you have opened the subject, suppose we go through with it. You say you are truly grateful for my services; yet you are anxious to get rid of me! Let me tell you what I have done. I have left my business—as good as twenty thousand dollars a year. I have put myself under suspicion of being a partner in your father's—we'll say *misfortune*. Were I to return to Hard Luck, the odds are I would be arrested at once. I do; then you this to draw forth your thanks; only to show that that when I once put my hand to a game I play the limits. I've said I would see your father through in these days without at least a hope of pay. You are smart enough to know better, even were I to swear that I am doing all this through pure friendship for your father. I like him well enough, but I like you a thousand times—"

"I will not listen to such words," cried Mary, her eyes flashing with anger. "If you repeat them, I will awake father—"

"You couldn't do that," laughed the gambler; "and even if you did, he would say I had earned the right to be listened to. You see," he added, as Morton only gave a low grunt, as Mary called to him and shook his shoulder. "I did not lie to you. I am a fit guardian for you! Not only am I a better one—a man who can love you as you deserve to be loved; a man who can keep you in ease and comfort, who has the heart to love, the brain to provide for, and the arm to protect you. I can do all this—I will do it! I ask you now to be my wife. Wait—don't answer too hastily. Consider your situation—consider what may be the consequences to yourself and to him before you speak."

"There can be but one answer—and that answer I have already given you," firmly replied the maiden. "I do not love you—I never will. I have always disliked and feared you—now I loathe and despise you!"

"You have thrown away your last chance!" snarled Long Tom, as he grasped her arm tightly. "I warned you—I warned you!"

Mary shrieked aloud with terror. Morton was aroused from his drunken sleep by the cry. He saw the gambler dragging Mary away, and his long dormant manhood revived as if by magic.

"Stop!" he cried, springing forward. "Unhand her, Long Tom, or I'll—my God! he has murdered me!" he shrieked, staggering back and falling to the ground, the hot blood spurting from his breast.

Long Tom had plunged a bowie-knife deep into the drunkard's left breast as he attempted to rescue Mary.

"You would have it!" snarled the gambler, thrusting the bloody weapon into his bosom; then turning to Mary, who crouched in one corner, almost stupefied: "See what your cursed folly has wrought! Only for you he would be living now."

As he spoke he forcibly drew her toward him, pressing his hot lips to hers. Vainly the maiden struggled. She was naught but a child in his fierce grasp. A wolfish glow filled his eyes. She felt that she was doomed beyond all human aid. He pressed her madly to his breast. Her hand closed upon something hard. She clutched it and struck despairingly. There was a fierce yell, a loud report—then all was dark!

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## A DREAD CONFESSION.

"I DON'T reckon you need me any longer, boss," said a peculiar, cracked voice. "Yender's the lay-out. The trail lays between them two trees; runs straight ahead for some twenty paces, then turns to the left. Look at that patch o' bushes, by the p'inted rock—that's right whar the hole is. You can't miss it—"

"Not with you for a guide, Pimple," quietly responded Sheriff Hayes. "I don't believe you would care to try any of your tricks on me, still—"

"You hain't paid me, yit—be sure I would n't run the risk o' slipping up on that," grinned Pimple. "Your folks is in their less they've tuck to the hills afoot. I'll wait yere for ye—but I'm free to say I don't keer to face Long Tom when his mad as y'e. He'd see the hull thing the minit he flung glimmer onto me, an' he'd send fer me, shore!"

"'Twould be the best act he ever was guilty of," laughed Hayes, shortly. "There's no use talking, Pimple. Up you've got to go. And mind this: I'll send for you, at the first sign of crawling!"

Pimple began to wish he had let this promising speculation alone. He had been paid by Long Tom for his services, and then had sold him to Sheriff Hayes, for a consideration.

While Hayes was procuring horses and giving his men their instructions, Zimri Coon sought out the only doctor left in Hard Luck and dispatched him, in charge of a trusty guide, to the hermit's cave.

His conscience satisfied, he joined Hayes in his mad ride with redoubled zest. Pimple guided them well, and they reached the foot of the hill in which the fugitives had sought refuge just as the sun was setting.

All was silent as they cautiously clambered up the steep trail; but suddenly there came a wild scream—a pistol-shot.

"There's devil's work going on there!" grated Hayes, pressing forward. "Lively, boys, lively!"

Pimple's foot slipped and he fell, rolling out of the way, among the rocks. He was not so badly hurt but that a satisfied grin distorted his countenance as he peered after the men as they scrambled up toward the cave.

A cry of horror broke from the sheriff's lips as he dashed aside the leafy screen and sprang into the cavern.

Three bodies lay upon the blood-stained floor; only one of them giving signs of life. Paul Morton, supporting himself upon his right hand that clasped the still smoking revolver with which he had stricken down the maddened gambler, his other hand vainly trying to staunch the hot life-blood that welled from a deep wound in his breast, gasped:

"Make sure of him—Long Tom—he murdered me and my—my daughter!"

"Stir up that fire, old man," cried Hayes. "Hawkins, draw that fellow's teeth there," he added, as the gambler strove to arise, on hearing strange voices.

Hayes, after a hasty investigation, assured himself that the maiden had not been injured beyond a slight cut upon the head, where she had fallen against a rock point. He gave her into charge of two men, who conveyed her outside where the cool evening air would soon restore her to consciousness.

"Run to earth at last, Long Tom!" cried Hayes, with a chuckle of intense satisfaction, when the extinguished fire blazed up and rendered objects as visible as the noonday sun.

"You've come too late for more than to see me die, anyhow," snarled the gambler. "I can laugh at your rope, thanks to the girl and that drunken sneak youder."

As he spoke he plucked a bowie-knife from his breast, where the blade had been buried almost to the hilt. A gush of blood followed; and the gambler laughed harshly as he caught some of it in his hand and flung it at Hayes.

"Don't crow too soon, my man," coolly replied the sheriff. "We are used to quick work. Coon, just hold his hands while I plug up this hole."

The wound was bandaged, and the gambler's hands bound, lest he should attempt to tear off the dressings. He was then bound to a tree, where Morton's bullet had glanced from his skull, but it was only trifling.

Meanwhile Morton was not neglected, though it was plain that he was fast sinking—that he could not live many hours. When given to understand this, he asked for liquor, to strengthen him until his work was told.

"I don't care much what becomes of me—only I wish to show him up," he said, as the stimulant strengthened him. "And Mary—my daughter. She at least is innocent, gentlemen. You will not make her suffer for her father's sins!"

"We call ourselves white men, stranger," sharply said Hayes. "We're rough and reckless enough, but we're not so low down as all that comes to. Rest easy about the lady. Go on with your story—but make it short, for Long Tom seems bound to cheat the rope."

Enough of the tragedy story so painfully told by the dying man has already been shadowed forth in the course of this story, to render it unnecessary for us to follow his words in detail. A brief synopsis will be enough.

Paul Morton, Thomas Langford and Charles Fletcher were all employed in the same bank. They were "fast young men," close friends, and entered the same downward path together. Langford proved the evil genius of the trio. Fletcher was a most confiding and trusting nature. Morton was weak and easily influenced. There were many things which Morton could not entirely clear up, but on the main points of the tragedy he was positive. Langford murdered the young planter with Fletcher's knife, and robbed him. Fletcher was arrested for the crime, tried and condemned. Morton and Langford swore his life away; the former forced to do so by Langford, who had discovered him in a forgery to make good the money he had stolen from the bank. Fletcher was hung.

Morton found himself in the power of a hard task-master. From that day on, the bank was regularly robbed, and the books "doctored"—not a very difficult task, since the confederates were now cashier and assistant cashier. At last discovery threatened, and Morton joined Langford in robbing the bank of a large sum,

then fled, eluding pursuit, finally turning up in California. One day Langford showed him a letter from a friend East, who wrote that Mrs. Morton and her child had both died. Then he gave up all hope and took to drinking more than ever. But the letter was only half-right. His daughter still lived. She joined her aunt, Mrs. Hector Champion, who was bound for California, in the vague hope of finding her father.

Providence guided the travelers to the town of Hard Luck, and Morton's amazement can be imagined when he recognized the sister of his dead wife. That night he learned that the young girl was his daughter. For some days he ressed the temptation, but finally made himself known to Mary, though he begged her to keep his secret. They met frequently, generally at night. (At this point Zimri Coon listened with breathless attention.) She told him how Little Volcano—the only name she as yet knew him by—had saved her life, and how they had learned to love each other. In return he warned her of the plots being laid against the boy miner's life. He joined the party led by Sleepy George, only to serve Little Volcano as far as lay in his power.

In conclusion he narrated what had occurred since their flight from Hard Luck.

In addition to what we have given, Morton revealed other crimes of which Long Tom had been guilty—enough to condemn him a thousand times. But, as these crimes bear no relation to this story, I have passed over them.

Through it all the gambler maintained a sullen silence. He saw that death was inevitable, and with dogged courage he resolved to "die game."

Morton felt back exhausted, as he concluded his confession. A flask of whisky was held to his lips, and he soon gained strength enough to beg that his daughter might be sent to him.

"You shall see her—but it's only right to tell you that you are going fast, stranger. You can't live the night out—maybe not another hour." Then turning away, he added: "Take up that bundle of sin, boys, and tote him outside. He's not fit to breathe the same air with a lady. Besides, I guess we might as well hold a pow-wow over him at once; it would be a waste of trouble to lug him clear to town—and he's so infatigable, pizen mean, he'd die on the road just to cheat the halter!"

Long Tom was removed, and Mary, by this time fully restored, took her place beside her dying father.

Sheriff Hayes cut little time to waste. He spoke briefly to his men. They had heard the deathbed confession, which he, for one, believed was plain truth. They knew what crimes the prisoner stood charged with. They were to consult together, and decide upon the fate of the gambler.

Five minutes later Zimri Coon spoke up, acting as foreman of the jury.

"Jedge, we've talked it over. One on us is in favor of roasting the pris'n'r alive; one feller says spread-eagle him atween two saplins; the rest on us votes to hang the cuss—an' is only sorry he hain't got as many lives as a cat, so we could hang him a dozen times over!"

"You hear, prisoner; have you anything to say?"

Long Tom replied by a storm of curses and blasphemy. At a motion from Hayes, a trail-ropo was noosed around his neck, and in the absence of large enough trees, one man mounted his horse and trotted down the rocky trail, dragging behind him all that remained of Long Tom.

An hour later a cry from Mary aroused them. Paul Morton was dead. Sheriff Hayes sought to console the maiden, but he found it harder work than fighting Indians. Finally, her grief, added to the fatigue and trials she had undergone, threw Mary into a sort of stupor. A rude litter was made, and two men set out with her toward Hard Luck. The others remained behind, to wall up the mouth of the cave, within which lay the body of Paul Morton. It was his only grave.

Overtaking the litter, the party proceeded together until they reached Hard Luck, where Mary was tenderly cared for by her aunt.

"No," said Zimri Coon, as Hayes urged him to "bunk" with him and take the repose they needed so badly. "That's the boy looking fer me, and I've got go-riorous news for him! I'm clean crazy jist to hear him op'n his eyes and squeal—uh-oh-ee!"

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE CLOUDS CLEAR AWAY.

LITTLE VOLCANO sat with his eyes fixed upon the haggard face of Crazy Billy—now Crazy Billy no longer.

A wild, weird story had the boy miner listened to, told by broken, disconnected snatches through the long night—a story that seemed incredible, even with the living evidence lying before him.

The wounded man told, in feeble, dreamy tones, the black story of his life. Of how he had been led into temptation by those whom he trusted even above himself; of how he fell, of stealing money from his employer and gambling with it in hopes of making good his losses. And then came the story of that fatal night. The heavy gambling, his loss, the quarrel and drunken threats; his stumbling over the murdered planter, only to be arrested for the crime. He dwelt long upon the trial—when his life was sworn away by the two men whom, until then, he had considered his truest, purest friends. And then that black day when he was hung!

He would dwell upon every little particular, every trifling event of the day. But he earnestly declared that he was hung, pronounced dead, out down and turned over to his mother's agents, who had him buried in due course.

The next he could remember was of undergoing the most excruciating tortures. Under its influence, he sprang erect. He heard wild yells and cries of terror around him, then sounds of flight. He glared around—he found himself in a dissecting-room. The shock was too great. As he turned to flee, he sunk down, senseless.

Of what passed next, he had but faint recollection. It seemed as though he heard voices, as though he was being carried through the air—then all was blank.

He found himself in an insane asylum. He bent his every energy to one point—escape. It seemed as though a lifetime must have been spent within those walls. But the day came at length, and he was a free man once more.

Thus far the wounded man narrated his story with tolerable clearness, and the boy miner had little difficulty in following him. But now the fever seemed to increase, and the hermit raved brokenly, still harping upon the old subject, but Little Volcano listened in vain. He could make nothing of the disconnected sentences.

In this manner the night and day passed. Near midnight, the doctor dispatched by Zimri Coon made his appearance. He could not give Little Volcano much hope of a successful issue. The wound was a terrible one. Yet he would do his best.

Thus Zimri Coon found them, near sunset.

Crazy Billy was sleeping peacefully, the doctor said in a fair way for recovery. You can imagine how eagerly Little Volcano listened to the "go-riorous news" of old Zimri; of the death of the two men whom he had hunted for so long, and—even more welcome tidings—that Mary Morton had not played him false.

Dear reader, is there any need of dwelling at length upon scenes which you can imagine so much more completely? To picture the meeting between Mary and Harry, the explanations and sweet renewals of their love-vows; of how Charles Fletcher finally recovered his health, though his reason ever remained clouded; of the wonderful richness of the placer given them by Joaquin Murietta—let a line suffice.

In the year of our Lord 1856, there was a grand wedding at the Miner's Rest, in the town of Hard Luck. Zimri Coon and Jack Hayes were there; morning found them tight-locked in each other's arms, lying beneath a table, snoring in drunken concert; nor were they alone.

As for Mary and Harry—ah! they were too happy for an idle pen like this to picture.

Sheriff Hayes never made good his oath of killing Joaquin Murietta. Another, no less skillful and more fortunate, rid the Golden Land of its terrible scourge. In July, 1853, Captain Henry Love, at the head of twenty men—tried and true comrades of his in the Texan and Mexican wars—overtook Joaquin, and annihilated his band, killing both Joaquin and Three-Fingered Jack.

Murieta's head and Manuel Garcia's hand were taken to San Francisco and placed upon exhibition at John King's, corner of Halleck and Sansome Sts., opposite the American Theater—"admission one dollar!"

THE END.

## WAITING.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Love can not see the shining sun  
When it has gone beyond its day;  
Love makes a thousand miles of one  
When Love is but a mile away!

Love toils through morns, and toils through  
Eves,  
And weeps across the endless night;  
And while it toils, and weeps, and grieves,  
It sees its own in all its sights!

Through all its woes God sends Hope's cheer  
To soothe the pains where'er Love aches;  
And, ere the sun has set, appear  
These words: "I come before day breaks!"

THE ENSIGN OF THE REPUBLIC.—All national flags have their history, and the story of our own is not the least interesting. Its adoption by the Congress on the 14th of June, 1777, was a token that the provinces were acquiring a national coherence. Up to that time the colonists had been fighting under no common banner. At first the "Union flags" were the red ensigns of England, with some patriotic motto, such as "Liberty," or "Liberty and Property." Connecticut displayed her arms; the New York armed ships the beaver; at Bunker Hill, Putnam fought under a red flag with the Connecticut legend on one side, and "An Appeal to Heaven" upon the other. This motif to the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts adopted for its pine tree flag. This was the flag borne by the first ships of war commissioned by Washington. The flag at Fort Mifflin was blue with a white crescent and the word "Liberty." The "great union" raised by Washington, at Cambridge, Jan. 2, 1776, consisted of thirteen alternate red and white stripes, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew emblazoned. The thirteen stripes are said to have been first used as the banner of a Philadelphia troop of light-horse in 1774 or 1775. Nearly a year elapsed after the Declaration of Independence before Congress resolved "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate white and red; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation," and arranged in a circle. In 1794, Vermont and Kentucky having been admitted into the Union, the number of stars and stripes was augmented to fifteen; and this was the flag used in the war of 1812. The stripes were reduced to the original thirteen in 1818. There is no arrangement of the stars prescribed by law. In the flags of the army they are generally arranged in one large star—in those of the navy they are set in parallel lines.

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## ONLY SIXTEEN DRESSES TO WEAR.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

She had only sixteen dresses,  
The poor, unfortunate thing!  
And most of this scanty wardrobe  
Was trampled and mangled in the spring.  
She gazed upon it with sorrow—  
'Twas a terrible thing to bear;  
And her heart nearly died within her—  
Only sixteen dresses to wear!

She thought of Eve in the garden,  
And said that she never could see  
Why she should get all of the pity—  
She deserved as much pity as she.  
Was anyone ever so needy?  
She felt on the point of despair,  
And thought there was no use of living  
With but sixteen dresses to wear!

She was not an extravagant woman,  
And I never would intimate so,  
If she was she would have had fifty  
And be better supplied long ago;  
But being exclusively humble,  
Her lot had been better to bear  
If a very few more had been added,  
And she thirty dresses to wear!

Her poverty worried her greatly,  
As of course it certainly should,  
And folks with so little to hide them  
You could hardly expect to feel good.  
And how could she go to a party,  
Or go down the street with an air  
And feel she was cutting a figure  
With only sixteen dresses to wear?

She was sure that a girl in the kitchen  
Could not get along with so few,  
And she was a leader of fashion  
And what was the poor soul to do?  
How her rivals in fashion would snicker  
If they should see her in their car  
That one of her station and standing  
Had but sixteen dresses to wear!

If she could have worn all together  
What would she have done for a change?  
What a terrible thing to think of—  
No wonder the woman felt strange.  
She buried her face in her lace  
And vowed in the depths of despair  
That she never would venture out, ever,  
With but sixteen dresses to wear!

Yankee Boys in Ceylon:  
OR,  
THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK.

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROD AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

VIII.—DAVE SAWYER IN TROUBLE. A  
STRANGE SHOWER-BATH.

SAWYER, with his bear, had taken his place upon the top of a high rock, near which the elephants would be sure to pass in making their way out of the valley. The sailing master had not come out here so much for his own pleasure as to show the hunting-grounds to his young friends, by whom he was employed to do this work. He had hunted the royal beast before, and did not care particularly if the boys had all the fun. If the elephants came his way he would take a shot at them, but if not it was all the same to him. The rock on which he stood was a peculiar one, a huge boulder, which cropped out of the soil of the valley, only accessible from the rear, at which there was a narrow but rugged footpath. From his elevated perch the captain could see the whole plain, and he had seen Dick's first lucky shot at the edge of the wood.

"That boy has got the right sort of pluck," he said. "He's got more than that, good judgment, and that is more than you can say of Ned. Will is a queer one, and what he don't know about tricks ain't worth knowing, scarcely."

At this moment he saw the second elephant go down before the deadly aim of the Charnier and the danger of Richard. He uttered a perfect war-whoop as the elephant turned tail and ran down the valley after the troop, which had now nearly reached the rock where he sat. Preparing his rifle, he fired at the foremost as the herd passed, and had the satisfaction of hearing the ball thud soundly upon her shoulder.

"Oh, sahib!" roared the coolie. "Look here."

He turned quickly, and saw that the surface of the rock was literally alive with snakes, creeping out of the crevices in every direction. It needed but a single glance from his experienced eyes to tell what they were. There is no more beautiful or deadly snake in the island than the *caranilla*. Its back is of a greenish hue, but seems to change its color as the rays of the sun fall upon it. The under part is of a silvery white, and the whole body slender and delicate. They had started from the crevices of the rocks in all directions at the report of the gun, and were closing in on the hunter with wild, gleaming eyes. The bearer made one flying leap from the rock, and struck the earth ten feet below, darting out of sight behind the rocks. The captain knew his danger, and lost no time in following. But the last was not the best in this case, for as he picked himself up after rolling over once or twice, he saw the elephant which had fled before the burning eyes of the Charnier close upon him, whisking his tail from side to side, his small, malignant eyes sparkling with fury.

He had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. But there was no time to think about it, and darting around the rock, the captain ran for his life, while the elephant thundered after. He was plainly ashamed of himself for being forced to run by a man, and was determined to have his revenge out of this fellow in front. Dave ran on nimbly; in fact, as he said, "when he undertook to do a thing he always liked to do it well." He was heading for the river, preferring to take the chances with the alligators sooner than his big friend in the rear, who was gaining upon him rapidly. For ungratefully as he is, the elephant can get over the ground rapidly enough, as many a poor fellow has found. But Dave, having his heart in the work, ran nobly, and although the elephant gained, it was but slowly, and the river was not far away. Between himself and the river was an open green patch of ground, two hundred yards wide, but he doubted whether he could cross it in time to elude his furious enemy. Indeed, as he set his foot upon the green turf, the trunk of the elephant seemed to hang suspended over his head.

The man fled on, and felt the ground shake under his feet as he passed lightly over it; but, looking up, he saw that ominous cylinder bearing toward him, and reaching for his coat-tail in a way he did not like in the least. He "put on a spurt" and gained a little, when, to his surprise, he heard a great plunging and spluttering behind him, and was about to look, when he went up to the waist in the treacherous morass, and gave himself up for lost. In his terror he wrenched his body out of the mud, turning as he did so, in order to be able to face the elephant. To his delight, he found his enemy in the same situation as himself, struggling to get forward, and at every effort sinking deeper and deeper. Sawyer uttered a perfect yell of delight, and drawing his rifle toward him began to load rapidly, while the elephant reached for him, stretching his prehensile trunk until it almost touched him. Sawyer wriggled back a little, put on a cap, and took a snap-shot at the head of the elephant, without trying to raise

his weapon higher than his breast. It took effect, and the animal made another furious plunging, which only sunk him deeper in the mud. The animal was now completely cowed, and trumpeted wildly in his terror, while the captain calmly loaded again, and as the behemoth raised his head, sent a ball through his skull from below, piercing the brain.

"There, you old skunk!" roared the captain. "How do you seem to like that?"

The shot was fatal. The huge beast gave a sort of half-human sob and his head dropped upon the mud, and in a moment more every motion ceased, and he was dead.

Sawyer, after satisfying himself that the animal was not shamming, by cutting into the trunk with his bowie, seized the trunk with both hands, and exerting all his strength dragged himself out of the mud and mounted the back of his dead enemy, where he flapped his arms and indulged in a loud and triumphant crow.

Then, taking a flying leap from the back of the animal, he reached safe ground, and shouted for his bearer, who came crawling out, evidently in doubt whether the mud-bedaubed figure before him was really the "Captain Sahib."

"Oh, come along, you thief of misery," roared Sawyer. "You can't do any good now, so you may as well come."

The man came up slowly, and looked in awe at the ponderous form of the elephant, half-buried in the mud.

"Big thief, that one," he said; "Captain Sahib run like a man, that time."

"I've a good mind to mash you in the jaw," roared Dave. "If you say another word I'll give you one that will make you sick."

"There go other elephant, sahib," replied the man, humbly. "Other young mans shoot."

The remainder of the herd were passing through a causeway between the river and a huge pile of fallen timber which had fallen in one of the hurricanes which sometimes sweep over the island. As they passed, Dick Wade and Pete, who were hidden under the logs, opened fire upon the amazed animals, who were now nearly frantic with rage and terror. Their efforts were useless. The two men, securely concealed beneath the logs, loaded and fired rapidly, and one of the herd had fallen before they realized that this was a losing game, and turned to fly, followed by the shots and shouts of the two hunters. Richard and the Charnier were running up rapidly to cut them off from the causeway, but the elephants got there first, and saw safety for themselves in the great jungle beyond, when Will opened on them from the hollow tree with such a bewildering hail of bullets that they paused dumbfounded, not knowing which way to turn. Sixteen shots did the boy pour into the astonished herd, and he was loading again to give them a new fusillade, when they again began to run. But, just as they reached the hollow tree, one of the animals, sorely wounded, leaned against the tree for support. It yielded, there came a loud crash, and Will stood glaring at a huge elephant lying on its back, with its four huge legs sticking up like gigantic bedposts. But he was struggling to regain his feet, and Will dove suddenly into the hollow tree, or rather a section about twelve feet in length, which had broken off short when the tree came down. The elephant reached for him when he went in, and took away a piece of his hunting-shirt; for Will, seeing his danger, made a dash at the cloth with his knife, and it parted with a loud rip.

"There!" muttered Will, as he crawled into the dark recesses of the log. "I don't know what he'll do next, but it occurs to me that if he finds out how rotten this log is, he will stamp me into the ground. I ain't sure that I chose a very safe place, after all."

The elephant was on his feet, snuffing viciously about the log. Then he knelt in front of the opening and thrust in his trunk, which did not reach Will, who crawled as near the upper end as he could.

But he did not like it in the least, and indeed the situation was rather awkward. A moment after he heard the elephant going away, and crawled back to look. The beast had not gone far, but was filling his trunk with water at a pool beside the causeway.

"I wonder what the big fool is going to do now?" he muttered.

He soon found out, for the beast turned and came back, malicious cunning sparkling in his small eyes. Will shrank back into the log for he did not care to have the beast see him again. As before, he knelt in front of the opening and thrust in his trunk, but Will only laughed at that. But his laughter was quickly turned to mourning, as a stream of dirty water, delivered with all the force of a hydrant, struck him full in the face, drenching him from head to foot. If ever a young man was disgusted with his life, and perfectly willing to quit, that young man was Will Wade. He would have sold himself for a Portuguese *reis*, the thousandth part of a dollar, and have taken payment in old clothes. He never felt meaner and smaller in his life than when that elephant, having delivered himself of his load, stalked calmly back to the water and filled up again.

Wet and miserable, Will crawled down and looked out, hoping to see his friends coming to his aid. But as he had ceased firing, they came to the conclusion that the herd had escaped, and were coming in a very leisurely manner, taking matters very coolly, indeed, never dreaming that Will was in such desperate trouble.

"Oh, won't they never come!" he gasped, as he dove into his hole again at the approach of the desperate-looking beast, with a new supply of fluid. Growing himself as closely as he could into the small space at the upper end of the log, he waited in breathless expectation for the shower bath. It came, with terrible force, nearly taking him off through the other end of the log, and the elephant, with cheerful patience, turned back to fill up again. It was plain that he meant to fight it out on that line, no matter what happened.

"Oh, ain't this mean?" thought the boy. "They are loading along, taking it easy, and he'll have me drowned before they get here. I'll make a break for the jungle."

He drew himself slowly out of the log, but this portable water-tank had his eye on the victim, and at once charged back. Will, seeing that he could not escape, dove into the hole again with an ejaculation which was not a prayer. The elephant, having run him into his den, turned back quietly and again filled his trunk with water, while Will cursed the unhappy fate which had led him to take refuge in the tree. Again the dirty flood poured in, but he was too wet and miserable now to care anything about it.

"It can't last forever," he muttered, feebly. "Let him pour it on."

But the elephant was tiring of the sport. He rose, after deluging the boy for the last time, and looked hard at the log. Then he set his foot upon it, and bore some weight upon it, as if testing its strength. Apparently he was saying to himself: "This is not so very strong,

after all; I believe I will break it up." He rose upon his hind legs and came down with all his force upon the log, which splintered and cracked beneath his weight. For the first time Will realized that he was in danger, for it would not take long at this rate to break the log into splinters. Again the mighty body rose into the air and came crashing down upon the log, breaking out a piece from the hollow shell at least three feet long. A cloud of dust fell about the boy and nearly strangled him, and he felt that all was lost.

Again the heavy body came down, and this time a crack opened in the log so that the monster could see him. This crack would have closed again, but for an upright piece of wood about four inches square, which had dropped in such a way that, while it only just touched the edges of the crack, it kept it open. Will saw this and had lifted his foot to kick it out, when the elephant thrust in his proboscis to seize him. Will kicked at the block viciously, and had the satisfaction of seeing the crack close like the jaws of a trap, while a scream of agony from the giant told that he was caught. Will crept to the opening, shot himself out, and rolled away rapidly, to keep out of reach of the ponderous feet of the elephant, just as the party of hunters, wild with fear for his safety, came dashing up, the Charnier and Mado in advance. They rushed in at once, and while the elephant cowered and roared like a great child, they put two balls through his head and the great body came crashing down, while Will, a frowny and mud-bedaubed image, looked from face to face, ready to assail the first man or boy who dared to laugh.

"Come, out with it! The first one who dares to laugh, down goes his shanty."

"We are not going to laugh at you, Will," said Richard, kindly. "My heart was in my mouth when I saw the tree down, and that great brute crashing down upon it. I thought you were done for."

"I got a snap on him," replied Will, faintly. "But, by George! when he was pouring dirty water into that log, I felt meaner than a polecat. I'll tell you about it to-night in camp."

They cut off the tails of their game as proof of their skill, and left the coolies to bring in the tusks. Only three of the elephants had them, but this was far better than the average. And at night, when they fought their battles over, with Rona listening in wonder at their bravery, Will and Dave Sawyer bore the laughter which ran round the fire at their adventures. For Will was wonderfully comforted, when he found that Dave had suffered nearly as much as himself.

## Viva's Diamond.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Viva looked at it with great quivers of ecstatic happiness thrilling her, and wondered what she had done that Howard Chestwick had seen anything in her to admire and love; thinking, as she sat in a little secluded corner of Mrs. Sydney's conservatory—Mrs. Sydney was her hostess, and among a dozen guests invited to welcome from a European tour Mrs. Sydney's beautiful daughter, Una, was little Viva May and Howard Chestwick—Viva sat nestling among the low branches of pink-petaled oleander trees, and thinking of the scene in the library—a great, twilight room, with niches wherein alternate statues and bronzes stood, between rows of shelves that reached from floor to ceiling—Viva sat, living over again the scene in the darkness and quiet of Mrs. Sydney's library, when Mr. Chestwick had come in as she sat reading in the green silken-embroidered bay-window, and took "Daniel Deronda" out of her hands, and made her listen while he said such words to her as she would soon have expected Jove to have descended from the heights of Olympus, and said to her,

"You must have seen, must have known, little darling, that I have been waiting for an opportunity to tell you how I love you, you little sweet blossom. I cannot tell you, even now, all I want to say to you, but let me put this tiny little ring on your finger that will remind you of me and how I love you."

And he kissed her ardently as he slipped the diamond ring on her finger, and before he could say another word, Una Sydney came in, her lovely dark eyes wearing a little look of astonishment that she was so well-to-do to express.

Of course, that had put a stop to it, for the time; then, Mr. Chestwick had gone to the city and did not return until after Viva had gone away to her room, to sit in the moonlight, and cry tears of perfect happiness, and thank God she was beloved by the man who had been to her as a god, as a brilliant, far-off star, as the embodiment of all that was most good, most gracious, most worshipful.

And this grand, splendid man had condescended to love her—nobody; had gone past Una Sydney, with her Southern beauty and charming ways; had looked over Mrs. Ethelwyn Harleth, who was such an heiress, and so sweet and ladylike; had gone straight by Miss Grandel, the queenly, magnificent woman, whose fame and name as novelist sounded both sides the water—and come to her—her, no one, poor, compared with the others, and only barely pretty.

She did not know, this girlish, guileless innocent, how surpassingly lovely she was, with her thoughtful, intellectual eyes of tender gray, that Mr. Chestwick's glances could turn to liquid darkness—as dark as the ebon black hair that waved so becomingly off a low, broad, white forehead, or the heavy straight brows that gave to her face an expression of inaccessible charmingness, with her fair, regular features, as pure as if carved from ivory, and the exquisite mouth with the twin rosebud lips that parted in dimpling smiles and displayed tiny pearls of teeth, with one little glimmer of gold like a sunshiny spot.

A womanly, loving, yet girlish girl, whose trust and affection seemed to Howard Chestwick more than the whole world, and who had sworn in his heart never to regret the hour she had given that trust and love into his keeping.

Viva was living it all over again, in speechless happiness; then, remembering it was time for Mr. Chestwick to go to his room to dress for dinner, gave a little flush and a little start of pleasure as she asked herself what he would think of her if she were to break the silence that had intervened since his partial offer to her, by sending him a little basket of fruit—some luscious peaches and white grapes, and perhaps some tender lemon-bued jessamine, and creamy-hearted rosebuds, and pink carnations scattered among.

Her dainty hands trembled as she arranged the little offering, mingling the hues of fruit and flower, of leaf and bud with artistic eyes; and then, she tied her card to the handle of the basket with a white silken cord, and rung for one of the servants to leave it in Mr. Chestwick's room before he came in; and then made her toilet for dinner and the evening—a pale gray silk with coral ornaments, that made her perfectly bewitching in her fair beauty.

Then, there remaining an hour before dinner, Viva took her work—a fleecy zephyr shawl she was crocheting for Mrs. Sydney—and went down into the parlors, where Miss Sydney and Miss Grandel and Ethelwyn Harleth, and a half-dozen gentlemen, and Howard Chestwick among them, were chatting, and took the low hassock offered her near the drop-light, and hid her sweet confusion and slightly flushed cheeks by bowing her head over her work, and only conversing in low, monosyllabic answers to direct questions; conscious only of a mild happiness at Mr. Chestwick's presence, and wondering if he had seen the little mute love-message yet.

And all unconscious of the bewildered, displeased sternness with which Mr. Chestwick was watching her white, flying fingers, or the bitter pain and misery at his heart as he finally left the room to retire to his own.

"She seemed so purely sweet, and ignorant of the way of the world—how can it be possible that I was mistaken in supposing she loved me, when, in reality, she was coquetting, as women seem to enjoy so thoroughly?"

He asked himself the question as he opened his room door, and then his attention was instantly attracted by the dainty little gift that stood conspicuously on his dressing-bureau.

He read the pencilled card with brightening face; then leaned over the fragrant burden and caressed them tenderly, touching Viva's name with his lips.

"My little love! After all, I was mistaken—she *does* love me, and I—"

His thought froze in his heart; for there, nestling like a dewdrop among the rosebuds and glossy ivy leaves, lay the diamond ring he had placed on Viva's finger, and that he had missed the moment he saw her in the parlor below.

A white anguish spread over his handsome face as he took it from the little stem on which it hung; then a hard, bitter smile superseded it, as he pushed the basket away, and put the ring in his pocket.

"She is like all the rest of them—as false as fair! She has the good sense, however, to give me my *engagement* very gracefully. I will endeavor to accept it as well."

And at the very moment when he put the gleaming jewel in the darkness of his vest-pocket, Viva suddenly gave an exclamation of surprise and dismay, that made Miss Sydney look up from her silk embroidery, questioning, to meet the girl's flushed, startled face.

"I—I—have lost—something, I am afraid."

And she hurried away, dismayed and alarmed, because she had suddenly discovered that Howard Chestwick's ring was not on her finger!

There were tears in her sweet eyes as she went over every step of ground she had been upon in those two days—but in vain; the diamond's answering glimmer did not reward her anxious eyes.

"What will Mr. Chestwick think? What will he think? If he should be angry with me! I will not tell him now—I don't dare; to-morrow—maybe—"

And then Viva crept up to her room, as miserable as she had been happy; and out to the very heart to see Mr. Chestwick and Miss Sydney promenading below her window—Una leaning so confidentially on his arm, and Howard bending his head so tenderly to her upturned, piquant face.

"I won't be jealous," she thought, almost fiercely. "I won't be jealous; of course he admires Miss Sydney. How could he help it, when she is so beautiful?"

But, notwithstanding her brave determination, she sat and cried all the evening as she thought of the horrible possibility of Howard Chestwick giving her up; and the next morning poor little Viva found her resolution easier to make than keep, for Mr. Chestwick's greeting was colder than the ice, though strictly gentlemanly and unmarked.

"He sees the ring is gone, and he is angry. Oh, dear!"

And from that moment the *bistre* shadows darkened under Viva's eyes; her footsteps lost their lightness, and her mouth its sweet smile, for the flirtation between Mr. Chestwick and his hostess' beautiful daughter went steadily, markedly on; and Mr. Chestwick's indifferent, gentlemanly coolness to Viva separated them hopelessly; and while Viva suffered martyrdom, Mr. Chestwick resolved to end his misery. He would place himself where he would not dare fret colder the sad-eyed, black-haired girl who had touched the most sacred spot in his heart.

"I will marry Una Sydney—and forget Viva May, as she evidently has forgotten me."

So he told Miss Sydney, in so many well-chosen words, that he would like to have her marry him; and, with a face that was as piquant and sparkling as champagne, Una laughed back her answer:

"Nonsense, Mr. Chestwick; you don't care a straw for me, nor for any one but that sweet little May-flower! Go propose to her, and make her the happiest little girl in the world!"

"You are entirely mistaken, Miss Sydney; Miss May has no possible interest in me."

His stiff, constrained words belied his manner so completely that Una laughed outright.

"Anybody with half an eye can see just how it stands. You *know* you are in love with little Viva—and I know she loves you. Go ask her—and come and thank me for refusing you. Go right away!"

An hour later Mr. Chestwick was going past the library door, when a sweet, pale face looked out, and a low, wistful voice called his name.

"Mr. Chestwick, I want to speak just a word to you, and I've been waiting here for you to pass. I wanted to tell you I am—so—sorry—and ashamed about—the—what you gave me! I don't see how it ever happened, and I have been so worried about it ever since I lost it!"

A great leaping of his heart almost suffocated him, and his voice was husky as he answered, quickly:

"You lost it, Viva! Thank God for that!"

She looked at him wondering, as he took it from his pocket, and held it up to her astonished eyes—glittering with a hundred gorgeous hues, as if laughing its gladness at its release from its dark prison.

"Oh, How—Mr. Chestwick, you found it! Where?"

He pushed the library door open.

"Come in a moment, Viva. I found it in a basket of fruit and flowers you sent me, and I thought you took that delicate means to tell me my love was unwelcome to you. Viva, was I mistaken, or—do you love me?"

Her eyes laughed their exquisite happiness then, and the two fair hands went out to his, in an impulse of passion and pleading that made him thrill from head to foot.

"Love you? Oh, Howard!"

That was all-sufficient; and the glad tears in her eyes sparkled to match the diamond on her finger again.

"And you'll not mind my confessing I asked Miss Sydney to be my wife—"

A little cry and a shrinking away of Viva's slight figure, while Chestwick went on, calmly and laughingly:

"Or that she refused me, like the sensible girl she is! Darling, you won't care, because you know I love no one but you!"

And Viva assured him she didn't care at all; and Una Sydney smiled archly at Chestwick when he marched into lunch with Viva's hand on his arm, and the diamond gleaming on her forefinger.

And the cards will be out in a very short time.

## Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

## THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE Chicago club has won the pennant as we said it would when we made up an estimate of the probable results of the campaign as early as last July. Reference to our files will show that we calculated that the Chicago club would be credited with fifty-six victories and fourteen defeats, and the club has won fifty-two games, and with the games they should have played with the Athletics and Mutual clubs—two each—which failed to come West, they would just have scored that number. The struggle for second position is yet in abeyance, and it may depend upon the two games the Hartforders yet have to play with the Boston as to which of the two clubs, Hartford or St. Louis, are to occupy second place in the race. With seven games left to play against three by the St. Louis, the Hartforders may pull up to a lead. In regard to fourth place, that is already secured by the Boston nine. On a count of all the games played, including those of the Athletic and Mutual nines, up to the close of September, the record places the clubs as follows:

Clubs.	Games won.	Games lost.	Games drawn.	Games played.
Chicago	52	14	0	66
St. Louis	48	19	0	67
Hartford	39	21	0	60
Boston	30	37	0	67
Louisville	34	34	0	68
Mutual	26	34	1	61
Athletic	14	50	1	65
Cincinnati	0	53	0	62

Throwing out the Athletic and Mutual games the count will be as follows:

Clubs.	Games won.	Games lost.	Games drawn.	Games played.
Chicago	38	19	0	57
St. Louis	39	23	0	62
Hartford	27	36	0	63
Boston	27	34	0	61
Louisville	19	39	1	59
Cincinnati	5	41	0	46

It will be seen by the first table that while Chicago has the winning lead for first place, and St. Louis a good position for second, it is a tie for third place between Boston and Hartford. In the second table, however, while Chicago holds a still better position as the leading nine, St. Louis is not so far ahead of Hartford as to insure success, while Boston goes to fourth position sure.

## NOTES OF THE DAY.

The most discreditable exhibition of what is known as "crooked play," was that shown in the games on the Union grounds played in September between picked nines of the New York and Brooklyn semi-professional clubs, the alleged crooked work being done chiefly by prominent members of the Alaska club.

It was continued in the games played by that club in the tourney commenced on October 2d, on the Union grounds. It is really surprising to find young men supposed to be possessed of ordinary sense and judgment, who cannot earn ten dollars a week in their regular occupations, who might by their base-ball skill earn twenty-five or thirty, sacrifice all chance for engagements just to obtain fifty or a hundred dollars from the knavish pool-ringing managers to sell games they happen to be engaged to play in.

This folly, however, was committed time and again on the Union ball-grounds this season by members of some professional nines, not to mention the higher-priced crooked work of a small minority of the players of the League club teams. One result of this work will be to throw out of the season's records the names of all clubs which have countenanced the work, as also the games in which the work has been indulged in.

On October 2d the directors of the Alaska club, of New York—semi-professional—met to investigate alleged charges of unfair play against a majority of the club nine, and the result was the disbandment of the team, they having found that six of the nine were "crooked." Previously Mr. Cammeyer, of the Union grounds, had thrown out the Alaskas from further play in the tourney, which began on October 2d. The names of the players of the Alaska nine are Tully, catcher; Larkin, pitcher; Dover, second base; Hankerson, third base; Treacy, short-stop; Jolly, left field; Hayco, center field. The others we do not remember. This is the result of pool gambling influences.

## Ripples.

BYRON wrote: "How sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark." From which we infer Byron never attended a midnight soiree in a farmer's watermelon patch.

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling a patient's pulse, "that you consider me a humbug." "How odd it is," responded the patient, "that you can't accurately tell a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

A fat French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin. No sooner does the disappointment come than the mere expectation of growing thinner gives me such a joy that I become fatter than ever."

He was carving at dinner, relates the Cincinnati *Times*, and thought he must talk to the aesthetic-looking angel on his right. "How do you like Beethoven?" said he, at a venture. "Well cooked," said she, interested in the business at hand. Thus does a casual remark often awake unexpected harmonies.

Mr. Buckle says that history repeats itself. We presume he refers to the fact that the Jews were directed to make glad the waist places, and that the same pleasing custom of doing it with the left arm on the front stoop, evenings, after the old gentleman has gone to the lodge, is popular now.

The baby was doubled up by the cramps and yelling at the rate of a mile a minute, as the father and mother stood over the crib with the laudanum-bottle between them. "No, Marlar," he said, gently but firmly, "you pour it out; that child's growing so much like your mother that I can't trust myself."

In an article on the habits of the fly, the New York *Tribune* ably says: "Great care has to be taken in eating huckleberries, because nothing pleases a fly so much as to be mistaken for one; and if he can be baked in a cake and pass himself off on the unwary as a currant, he dies without a regret."